

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.
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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established June, 1768, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading, editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, intelligently and valuably interpreted, and presented in a clear, readable and instructive manner. It is a valuable medium for advertising in very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 10 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news stands in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publishers.

Local Matters.

Third Liberty Loan

Newport city and the towns in Newport county make a good showing on subscriptions to the third Liberty Loan. Many of them have already exceeded their allotment as the figures below will show.

	All (about)	to date
Newport	\$1,455,000	\$1,125,400
Middletown	15,000	25,000
Portsmouth	15,000	15,000
Tiverton	12,000	8,200
Jamestown	3,000	15,200
Little Compton	8,000	7,900
New Shoreham	5,000	4,700

The total subscriptions throughout the State amount to \$17,022,650. Many towns are yet far behind their allotment.

Island Park Fire

The Island Park section of the town of Portsmouth, which has been the scene of many serious fires in the past, was again visited by flames early Wednesday morning when fire of unknown origin destroyed five small cottages near the west end of the section. Had it not been for a change of wind, the loss might have been even greater.

About two o'clock Wednesday morning the Tiverton fire department received a call for help, and the chemical engine was hustled across the bridge, where it rendered much assistance to the local men already at work on the flames. Word was sent to the local car barn of the Bay State Railway and a car with men and extinguishers was hustled out but arrived too late to be of much assistance. The buildings in the immediate vicinity of the one in which the fire originated were destroyed, and then the wind changed so that the flames died out for lack of material on which to feed.

Plans for the Memorial Day observance in Newport as developed by the joint committee of the day, indicate that the street parade will be a large and imposing one, including large detachments of the Army and Navy here as well as local organizations. Few places are better equipped to arrange a spectacular parade than is Newport, as was evidenced by the Liberty Loan parade on Friday.

The Newport Social Club, composed of members of Aquidneck Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, will give a May Social and dance in Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening next, the entire proceeds to be devoted to the Masonic War Relief Fund. The dances given by this organization during the winter and spring have been well attended, and have proven very popular. Mrs. Etta A. Gifford will be in charge as usual.

A number of rentals of summer cottages have already been made for the summer season. The smaller places are being snapped up first, and there are comparatively few of these available this year because of the great demand for accommodations in Newport throughout the winter.

Changes in Methodist Pastorates

Appointments to the various churches were announced at the session of the New England Southern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Providence on Monday. Rev. M. S. Stocking leaves the Thames street church in this city and goes to Danielson, Conn., and his place in Newport is filled by the appointment of Rev. William H. Allen, who is well known on the Island of Rhode Island. Mr. Allen married a daughter of the late Dr. Benjamin Greene of Portsmouth, and is almost a citizen of that town, where he filled his first pastorate many years ago after joining the Conference. He has also been pastor of the Middletown Church and has a wide circle of friends in Newport as well as in the Island towns.

Fraternal Visit

Weenat Shasit Tribe of Red Men of this city conferred the warrior's degree on thirty-five candidates on Wednesday night. At the same time the tribe received and accepted an invitation from Watchemoket Tribe, No. 2, of East Providence to visit that tribe and confer the warrior's degree on Wednesday evening next. The degree team, comprising thirty men, will do the work, and a large number of the members of the local tribe will accompany them. On May 8th will take place the official visitation of the Great Chiefs of Rhode Island to Weenat Shasit Tribe, and also to Mincola Council, Degree of Potomah of this city, being a joint visitation.

The navy guard which has been stationed in front of suspicious places in the city of Newport ever since last summer has finally been removed, and the city now has a clean bill apparently. Since the dry order went into effect, the streets have been particularly free from drunken men, although some come back from other cities more or less under the influence of liquor, and there are indications that army and navy men are still able to obtain liquor in places outside of Newport.

Plans are being made in Washington for an improvement in the housing conditions at Newport under the provisions of the appropriation recently made by Congress for this purpose in communities where much munition work is being carried on with inadequate facilities for the workers. Many communities have put in a request for assistance along this line, and it will be somewhat of an undertaking for the Housing Board to determine what amount should be expended in the different places.

Mr. Wallace A. Clifford has tendered his resignation as a teacher at the Rogers High School and has been enrolled in the navy for duty as an inspector with the United States Emergency Fleet Board, being required to report for duty on May 1st. Mr. Clifford has been in Newport for about three years, during which time he has been an instructor in sciences at the Coles building.

The police are working hard to keep the city as clean as it has been for the past few weeks and are keeping a sharp eye out for all objectionable visitors. So-called "temperance" drinks are also being watched to see that they do not contain any alcoholic substance that would bring them within the provisions of the regulations regarding the sale or transportation of liquors within the prohibited zone.

The January session of the General Assembly came to a close about 3:00 o'clock last Saturday morning, the final day being a very strenuous one for all concerned. Practically all the measures in which the city of Newport was interested were passed without opposition, including the one permitting the city to purchase a site for a public market.

Within the last few days word has been received of the safe arrival in France of a large number of young men from Newport who are in various branches of the United States military service.

Bishop Darlington of Pennsylvania, one of our well-known summer residents, has three sons, two brothers, and ten other relatives in the service.

Mr. Thomas S. Stanhope of the local postoffice force, left Newport for Washington this week to receive preliminary instructions before sailing for France to assist in the immense work of the United States Postoffice department there.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION

MEETING OF GENERAL SOCIETY
At the triennial meeting of the General Society Sons of the Revolution held in Philadelphia on April 19 and 20, there were delegates present from thirty-four states. The meeting was held in the historic old Independence Hall, the chaplain of the occasion being our summer townsman Rt. Rev. James Henry Darlington, D. D., L. L. D. Bishop of Pennsylvania.

The meeting was eminently a patriotic one. A resolution offered by the Bishop states that there should be "one land, one flag and one language." "I am in favor of having only one language in this country," said Bishop Darlington, who is vice president of the Pennsylvania Society, "especially in the public schools and other public institutions of learning. This seems to be a good time to prepare ourselves. There is a strong feeling against the German language and it is particularly strong about this country. The time has come when we must be out-and-out Americans and do everything in our power to help our boys at the front. Fifteen members of my family have volunteered. I now move that there be only one land, one flag and one language." The resolution was adopted with tremendous applause.

Saturday was spent at Valley Forge, where Washington's headquarters was visited and the many reminders of that terrible winter of 1778 were examined with much interest. An interesting address was delivered by Hon. James Montgomery Beck, a member of the Society from New York. The headquarters of Major General Nathaniel Greene, of General James M. Varnum, with his Rhode Island brigade, the 1st R. I. Infantry, Colonel Christopher Greene, the 2nd R. I. regiment, Colonel Israel Angell, were all examined with interest, as was also the monument erected to the memory of a Rhode Island soldier, Lieutenant John Waterman, who died during the winter encampment. Valley Forge is a most beautiful spot, and full of relics of the revolutionary war. It will amply repay a visit.

The triennial meeting was fittingly brought to a close late Saturday afternoon with a banquet at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel followed by several interesting addresses. Previous to the adjournment Bishop Darlington moved that a message of cheer be sent General Pershing. The following cablegram was then wired: Greetings from the General Society, Sons of the Revolution, assembled in Congress Hall, Philadelphia, with prayers for success and victory for all.

A Democratic Newspaper

The Providence Evening News passes into new hands today, after having been owned by ex-Governor D. Russell Brown for many years. The stock in the Hope Publishing Company has been purchased by three well-known men—John A. Hennessey of Brooklyn, for many years managing editor of the New York Mail and Express, who will be president of the corporation; Henry DeWitt Hamilton of New York, who will be the secretary and treasurer; and James C. Garrison of Providence, long a member of the editorial staff of the Providence Journal.

This will undoubtedly be made into the Democratic organ, which has for some time been foretold by Democratic orators in the General Assembly. An aggressive campaign has been threatened for the coming fall, and Senator Troy has frequently stated that the party will have ample means for disseminating Democratic doctrine. The men who are putting the real money into this newspaper proposition would not be very hard to guess. It is possible that Senator Peter G. Gerry of Warwick, and Congressman George F. O'Shaunessy, who aspires to be a colleague of Senator Gerry in the upper branch of Congress, might be able to tell who will provide the "sinews."

The first issue under the new management will be ready to take over Coddington Point on June 6th. Preparations are already being made for extensive work to be done there as soon as the Government gets possession of the property. New roads are to be built and many new buildings erected. It is expected that the Government will begin the improvements without delay, and Captain Campbell has work enough laid out for a busy summer. Plans are also being developed for a big housing program to be carried out in that vicinity.

A force of Government Engineers have been at work on the grounds for the past six weeks, making plats which have been forwarded to Washington for signatures. The plans call for a handsome bridge between Coasters Harbor Island and the Coddington Point property which is estimated to cost \$180,000. On the site of the old fortifications, the highest spot on the Point, an immense water tank will be erected, capable of holding millions of gallons of water as a reserve supply.

The military population in and about Newport increases rapidly. Not only are men constantly coming in for training in the Navy, but a large number of soldiers are being assembled at Fort Adams. Last summer saw more soldiers at Fort Adams than ever before, and when it came time for the regiments to depart from here on their way to embark for the European front they were given a hearty send-off.

Liberty Loan Parade

Although Governor Beekman very wisely decided not to issue a proclamation for a holiday on Friday for the advancement of the Liberty Loan, the day was not allowed to pass without observance in this city. The proposition to declare a legal holiday met with marked disapproval, because it was felt that production had already been sufficiently handicapped by the compulsory holidays during the winter without making an unnecessary day of rest at this time.

The feature of the day in Newport was the imposing street parade in the morning composed of representatives of many branches of the United States service in Newport and vicinity. Colonel Frank P. King was in command of the line, and started the parade at the hour set, 10:30 o'clock. The line was headed by a platoon of police, followed by the Chief Marshal and his staff. A regiment of Heavy Artillery of the United States Army, marching as infantry, was headed by the famous Seventh Artillery Band, with other music interspersed through the companies. The soldiers made a splendid appearance in their business-like service uniforms and were heartily applauded through the route of march.

The Navy was represented by a brigade of apprentices from the Naval Training Station, with the Training Station Band and drum corps, as well as the band from the Musician's School. The United States Naval Reserve Force, represented by a regiment from the Reservist Camp and the Material Section, as well as companies from other details, with the Naval Reserve Band, attracted much attention and received well merited applause.

The line was formed on Washington square and promptly at the appointed hour moved down Thames street, to Young, to Bowry, to Bellevue avenue and Key street, to Powell square, where the parade was dismissed. The route of march was lined by a large gathering of spectators, and at the City Hall the line was reviewed by Mayor Burdick, members of the board of aldermen, and commanding officers of the various elements in the line.

Cliffs Badly Damaged

The heavy storm of last Sunday, which accomplished much good by supplying the ponds with water, also did much damage to property because of the heavy wind and sea. Along the beginning of the Cliff Walk serious damage was done, and it is likely that that portion of the Walk will be closed throughout the entire summer, as the owner of the property has no intention of making repairs, and the city does not propose to establish a precedent by doing so.

In front of Mrs. Kildon's property, known as "Ruddlands-on-the-Cliffs," a large portion of the wooden walk that has long been regarded as dangerous, was washed out, making travel through there absolutely impossible. In order for pedestrians to pass through the Walk from Bath Road it will be necessary to make a detour around the Kildon cottages. In several other places near the beginning of the Walk there were serious washouts, which bring the Walk and the cottages nearer to the edge of the Cliffs.

It is a pity that this section of the Cliff Walk should be in such bad condition, because it is near the Beach and is the portion of the Walk that is seen by the largest number of visitors to the city. The owner of the property does not feel that the large cost of repairs should fall upon her, and the city does not care to assume the responsibility of keeping the entire Walk in repair, as it might be required to do if one section were taken over by the city. Consequently the condition will apparently be allowed to continue.

To Be Taken Over June 6

It is expected that the Government will be ready to take over Coddington Point on June 6th. Preparations are already being made for extensive work to be done there as soon as the Government gets possession of the property. New roads are to be built and many new buildings erected. It is expected that the Government will begin the improvements without delay, and Captain Campbell has work enough laid out for a busy summer. Plans are also being developed for a big housing program to be carried out in that vicinity.

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RECENT DEATHS.

MRS. MARY J. BLUCK

Mrs. Mary J. Bluck, widow of John Bluck died at her home on Ayrault street on Thursday, after having been in poor health for some time, and having been critically ill for about a month. She was the last of her family, children of the late Eben Winslow, her two sisters having died last February within a few days. Her husband died some time ago. She is survived by two nephews, Professor Thomas Crosby and Mr. William A. Crosby.

MRS. EDWARD A. EDES

Mrs. Edward A. Edes died at the Newport Hospital on Thursday after a short illness from spinal meningitis. Her condition was regarded as critical from the time that she was removed to the hospital, and little hope was held out for her recovery. She was a daughter of the late John A. McNulty of New York, and was well known throughout the city. She is survived by her husband and six children, her two oldest sons being in the Navy.

The Red Cross Drive

Another Red Cross Drive is to be inaugurated in this city on May 20. This drive is to extend all over the country as well as in this city. The committee to have charge of the work here consists of James M. King chairman, Mayor Burdick being the honorary chairman, William R. Harvey secretary, Edward A. Sherman treasurer, ex-Mayor Daniel B. Fearing, ex-Mayor F. P. Garrettsen, Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry, Dr. Horace P. Beck, Harry A. Titus, Jeremiah P. Mahoney and John J. Conran.

Excelsior Lodge No. 43, I. O. O. F., will attend divine service at Trinity Church on Sunday evening, when Rev. Stanley C. Hughes will deliver a special sermon commemorative of the ninety-ninth anniversary of the institution of Old Fellowship in America. The Lodge will assemble at 7:00 o'clock in the lodge room and march to the church.

The Newport Machinists Union, which some time ago voted to inaugurate a one day's strike on May 1st as a protest against the execution of Mooney in San Francisco, has rescinded from its action and the men will continue at their work without interruption. The proposition to inaugurate similar strikes among the machinists all over the country was frowned upon by Samuel P. Gompers, who told the men that they would be acting in an unpatriotic manner.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)
Owing to sickness at St. George's School, the vested choir did not attend the morning service Sunday at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, and the entertainment to have been given by the students Saturday evening at the Berkeley Parish House for the benefit of war work was also given up. On account of the storm there was no evening service Sunday at the Berkeley Parish House. There were no services Sunday at the M. E. Church because of Conference. The pastor, Rev. George W. Manning, returned Monday evening.

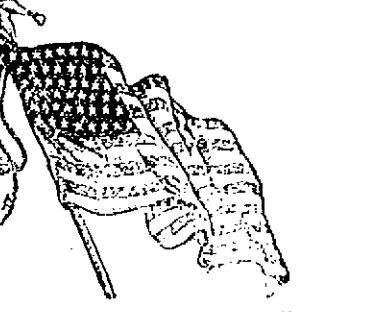
Patriot's Day was observed Friday last by the Oliphant Club through a patriotic program conducted by the president, Mrs. Kate C. Bailey. There was also the singing of "America," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the "Star Spangled Banner."

The annual meeting of the Paradise Club was held on Wednesday with Mrs. Harry E. Peckham, Paradise avenue. After the yearly reports had been made the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Harry E. Peckham; Vice President, Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham; Secretary, Mrs. Edward J. Peckham; Treasurer, Mrs. Clifford B. Ward; Program Committee, Mrs. Robert W. Smith, Mrs. Philip Caswell, Mrs. Clifton B. Ward.

By invitation of Mrs. Caswell the closing social of the season will be held at her home, Rosedale Farm, on May 8th, Mrs. Jesse LeValley, Mrs. James Openshaw and Mrs. Robert W. Smith having been appointed a committee for that event.

A portion of the program will be devoted to a "White Elephant Party," this having furnished so much amusement last year that it was decided that it would bear repeating. Light refreshments were served by the hostess, her daughter, Miss Eloise Peckham assisting. A short Victor concert concluded the afternoon. The members, who have been working upon surgical dressings at nearly all the meetings, will continue to do this work through other gatherings after the Club season closes.

At the annual meeting of the Holy Cross Guild Wednesday the same officers were re-elected as last year. Mrs. Clarence C. Thurston, president, and Mrs. Anna R. Chase, secretary-treasurer. Mrs. Willard B. Chase, the Red Cross monitor for the West Side, made a most remarkable report of the work accomplished for the year by the Guild members and their friends, for Red



Cross, and also surgical work, 707 pieces, many of them large, was the Red Cross total, while the following report was made for surgical dressings: 427 slings, 1050 body binders, 474 T binders, 230 strips, 4 rolls, 11 wash cloths, 5 feather pillows, 24 fracture pillows, 8 pillow cases, 4 eye bandages, 1 bag clippings, 10 masks for surgeons, 11 name plates, 285 compresses. The Guild entertained their families and a large number of invited guests, nearly 100, at supper after the meeting and the evening was spent socially with music singing and a small dance. Mrs. Flora Smith acted as pianist accompanied on the violin by Miss Ruth White, her sister. The occasion, which is an annual one, is always an enjoyable one.

A very elaborate minstrel show is to be presented Monday evening at the town hall which will be given under the auspices of Aquidneck Grange in competition with a later entertainment to be given by the women of the Grange. So much work and preparation has been put into the men's program that it was finally decided that it had better be given as a public affair. It is not known whether the women will do likewise or conduct their evening solely for the Grange. Many of the prominent men of the town will be seen in black face, it is said, although much mystery surrounds the whole affair. The entertainment was first planned for the regular meeting, April 26th, but this will be devoted to degree work instead.

The monthly meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society was held Tuesday afternoon at the church parlors of the M. E. church. Mrs. Isaac Peabody, chairman of the Program committee, presided, and Mrs. Ida M. Brown conducted an instructive program upon "Porto Rico." The treasurer, Mrs. Abram A. Brown, announced that the Lenten offering amounted to \$10.00. The Society is planning for an illustrated lecture in May, also an out-of-town speaker at the next meeting.

A somewhat military wedding, although a quiet informal affair, was solemnized at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Saturday afternoon by the Rev. Rev. I. Harding Hughes, when Miss Katherine Henrietta Smith, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Smith of Third Beach Road, became the wife of Alvin R. Hersh of Fort Madison, Iowa. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by Miss Annie Patrick, an intimate friend, of Newport. She wore a blue traveling suit with hat to match. The groom had as best man, his brother-in-law, Mr. George Michael Smith, who is a second class seaman of the Naval Reserve Force, from the Brooklyn barracks. Mr. Hersh is a chief gunner's mate of the submarine fleet, both men were in uniform.

Only relatives and a small company of friends witnessed the ceremony, among them quite a number of the bride's classmates at Rogers High School. After a small reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Hersh left on the Boston train for Quincy, Mass., for a short honeymoon, as the groom is subject to orders to leave at any moment. Mrs. Hersh will reside with her parents for the present. The young couple were given a jolly send-off at the train.

In the death of Mr. Edward T. Cory on Thursday last, Middletown loses its oldest male resident, as Mr. Cory would have been 91 on May 4th. Up until last autumn he had been about although growing steadily more feeble. This spring his limbs became paralyzed, so that for six weeks he had been quite helpless. A native of Portsmouth, Mr. Cory was born on Corey's Lane in the home of his grandfather, having been the youngest of the three children of Parson and Abigail (Lake) Corey. He was the last of his family. Through his marriage in 1859 to Maria Louisa Porter of East Bridgewater, Mass., there were five children, only one of whom survive him, Mr. Irving A. Corey, a well known photographer, of Green End avenue. There are also four grandchildren. Mr. Cory was of a rugged type and one who always wanted to be busy. He was of a quiet, retiring disposition and other than holding the position of tax collector while residing in Portsmouth, he was not publicly identified with either town. He was formerly a member of the Friends' Church. He had been the proud possessor of the gold-headed cane given in 1803 by the Boston Post to Middletown's oldest citizen, which he received in 1915. The funeral services at his former home on Aquidneck avenue were conducted Saturday by Rev. Nathaniel J. Spraul, D. D., of the First Presbyterian Church, Newport. The casket was covered with carnations and sweet peas, the gift of the grandchildren. The interment was in the Cory plot in Newport, where the body of Mr. Cory was laid beside his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Alston E. Thorne of Providence, (Miss Maria B. Smith formerly of Middletown), entertained in honor of their 11th wedding anniversary on Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peckham and their daughter, Miss Sadie E. Peckham, who had been spending a portion of the week in Providence in attendance at the Methodist Conference.

The Confessions of a German Deserter

Written by a Prussian Officer Who Participated in the Ravaging and Pillaging of Belgium

Copyright by Doris Fox Peck
CHAPTER I.

I am a German soldier. Naturally at the time when the war started we did not know that there would be such a war as is being waged today.

Daily we soldiers were told that France and Russia wanted to attack us and that the Kaiser was doing everything possible for our protection. Already on July 20 we were armed to the teeth and prepared to march away. During these preparations, which showed us all that war had to come, 18 men of my company deserted.

The government published, during this time, bulletins almost hourly to prepare the people for the war, a subterfuge that succeeded perfectly. Consequently two days before war was declared, the people were overwhelmingly for war, but they were certain that it was only to be between Germany and France.

Of the intervention of Belgium, Russia, England and Italy, the country had as little thought as it did of any participation of the United States. All thought only of the promenade to Paris, which, to the disappointment of the people, and also, surely to the disappointment of the autocracy, has been longer drawn out than had been wished for.

In these days of uncertainty the soldiers, contrary to the cruel treatment which they had experienced before, were treated liberally with great quantities of supplies, delicacies and beer, so that most of the soldiers were so drunk continuously that they were unable to realize the seriousness of the situation.

And yet the majority of the soldiers could not be enthused over the war. They cheered and were enthusiastic because they knew it was the orders. On July 31, 1914, one day before the declaration of war, we left, after being brought to war strength, for our garrison at Mainz-am-Rhein.

Where the camp toward which we were to point our bayonets we had not the slightest idea. All we did know was that we had to be transported somewhere to protect the border.

There were stirring times as we started out. Tens of thousands of people threw flowers at us and all wanted to shake hands. All—even soldiers—cried! Many embraced their wives or young brides. The bands played faraway songs and people laughed and cried all at the same time. Strangers embraced and kissed each other. "A veritable witch's holiday" of emotion was loosened and engulfed the populace like a storm. No one, not even the strongest, could resist its powers. Yet even this was surpassed by the leave-taking at the depot, where last farewells had to be said. This scene will never leave me! How desperately many women clung to their men! Many had to be forcibly removed.

But this was at last done and then we were placed in cattle cars. Night came and we had no lights. The train went slowly toward the Rhine. It went smoothly enough. Our company, which had had days of great excitement, welcomed the rest that the journey afforded. Most of the soldiers slept with their knapsacks as pillows. Others looked dreamily into the future. Still others secretly pulled pictures from their breastpockets and only a very few killed time by discussion and comment on their possible destination.

"Where are we going?" Yes, where? No one knew. Then after endless hours, the train stopped. We were in Duren. What were we there for? We did not know. The officers only shrugged their shoulders at our questions.

After a brief pause we went ahead. On the evening of August 1 we reached a farmyard near Duren. Our company was billeted in a barn. No one knew what we had to do. Ignorant of the purpose of our being sent so near the Belgian border we laid down on our beds of straw. Something had to happen soon to rescue us from this uncertainty.

How few suspected that would be the last night for many of us as German soldiers. An alarm took us from our beds at 3 a. m. The company gathered and the captain demonstrated the war situation. As to the direction of the march he himself was ignorant.

Scarcely half an hour later 50 big trucks drove up and stopped on the road before our quarters. The drivers also were ignorant and waited for orders. Discussion of our destination started afresh. The orderlies who had been keeping their ears open said we would enter Belgium that day. Others contradicted them, no one knew for certain.

But the order to march did not come and in the evening we went back to our straw. But the rest was short. At 1 a. m. we were again aroused and honored by a speech from our captain. He said we were at war with Belgium. He told us to show ourselves brave, to save the iron cross and to march into Germany. Then he

officers must not forget to keep your lives for the fatherland or sell them as



Honored by a Speech From Our Captain.

dearly as possible. Unnecessary shedding of blood we will prohibit to the civilian population. Yet I ask you to consider that too much consideration borders on cowardice and that will be punished very severely."

After this speech of our captain we were loaded on our autos and at 4 a. m. crossed the border into Belgium. In order to make this a historical occasion we were ordered to give three cheers. On the speedy autos we reached our goal at 10 a. m. It was a beautiful little rural village. Inhabitants of the villages we had passed looked at us in astonishment, so that we all got the impression that these country people never knew why we came to Belgium. They were frightened out of their sleep and looked out at us from their windows.

As we halted and left our autos, the farmers came out and offered us coffee, bread, meat, etc. We were still without a field kitchen, so that we enjoyed the enemy's offerings more so since those of the better class of villagers refused any pay. They told us the Belgian soldiers had departed to some unknown destination.

After a short rest we marched on. The autos returned. Hardly had we marched an hour when we were overtaken by cavalry, dragons and hussars, who reported that the Germans were marching all over the neighborhood on all roads. Right behind came the bicycle corps.

This was comforting. We no longer felt alone, isolated in a strange country. Another bicycle division overtook us and passed on. Angry words were now uttered by members of our company. The others could ride but we had to walk. What we had always taken for granted suddenly became great injustice. If it did no good our grumbling at least was a diversion from the weight of our packs.

The heat was oppressive. The sweat came from all pores. The new and stiff leather trappings rubbed us sore, especially upon our hips. It was a relief at 2 p. m. to halt at an abandoned farm and rest on the grass. We might have lain down about ten minutes when suddenly we heard firing. We jumped up like lightning and hurried to our guns. The firing which was about three kilometers away grew more lively. At once we were on the march again.

From the expressions on the faces of the soldiers we could read the minds of the men. Something took possession of them which they had never experienced before. As for myself I became very restless. Fright and curiosity lashed my brain. Everything whirled around in my head and my heart was beating wildly. But I strove to conceal my fright from my comrades. I am sure that I tried energetically. I don't know that I succeeded better than my companions.

Although I knew we would be in the fight in an hour, I tried to persuade myself that our interference would not be necessary. I clung tightly to everything which might strengthen this hope.

The bicycles lying in the road indicated that the bicycle division was in the fight at this point. How strong the enemy was we did not know as we raced toward the firing line. Everybody crouched down as low as possible before jumping to the right and left. Before and behind us the bullets were firing continuously, yet we reached the firing line without losses. We were greeted joyously by our hand-picked comrades. The bicycle regiment had not suffered any losses except for a few slightly wounded men who were still able to take part in the fight.

We were lying flat on the ground and firing in the direction ordered for all we were worth, even though we had not seen our enemies. This was

apparently not interesting enough to some of our soldiers. They wanted to know how the people were looking whom they had to shoot at. They got up to a kneeling position. Two men of my company had to pay for their curiosity with their lives almost instantly. The first victim of our party went down without a sound. The second threw his arms high in the air and fell on his back. Both were dead instantly.

It is impossible for me to describe the feeling that overcame me in the first real valley as we advanced and came directly within the range of the fire. I no longer felt any fright, only an impulse to get into action as quickly as possible. Yet at the sight of the first corpse a terrible fear seized me. For minutes I was completely stunned, lost all self-control and was absolutely unable to think or do anything.

I pressed my face and hands close to the ground. I wanted to clutch my gun and shoot blindly. Presently I calmed down. I suddenly became contented with myself and conditions about me and when soon afterward the command was sounded along the whole line, "Spring out!" "Forward march!" I charged as did everyone else like one possessed. The order to halt followed. Like wet bugs we plumped to the ground. Firing had begun anew.

Our firing now became more lively momentarily and increased to a fearful loudness. If we had occasion to say anything to our comrades we had to shout so loudly in their ears that it hurt our throats.

Under the effect of our fire the enemy grew restless, the fire weakened and his line wavered. As only 600 meters separated us from them we could observe exactly what happened there. We saw about half the enemy retire in the following manner: Every other man quit the line, leaving his alternate in his place. Those remaining held on until the retiring party halted. We used this moment to halter the most severe losses on the retreating enemy. As far as we could scan the horizon to the right and left we saw the Germans advancing in several sectors. Also for our detachments the order came to advance as the enemy retreated.

The task of clinging to the heels of the retreating enemy so tenaciously that no time would be allowed to make a new stand fell to us. We followed the Belgians, scarcely stopping to breathe on the way, in order to prevent their fortifying themselves in a village situated just ahead. We knew that a bloody house-to-house fight lay before us, yet the Belgians never attempted to establish themselves, but managed to escape with astonishing cleverness.

In the meantime we received reinforcements. Our company was now pretty well scattered and fought with whatever unit was nearby. The body I joined had to remain in the village to search systematically for scattered soldiers. From this village we saw that the Germans had gained on all sides. Field artillery, machine gun detachments and other equipment arrived and we were all astonished at their coming so quickly.

But there was no time to be spent in speculation. With fixed bayonets we went from house to house, door to door, and while the results were negligible because we found no soldiers we did not come out quite empty-handed. We made the inhabitants deliver all guns and munitions and so forth in their possession. The mayor, accompanying the soldiers, explained to every citizen that all found with arms after the search would be punished according to the rules of war and German rules of war in Belgium meant execution.

An hour might have passed when we were again aroused by the sound of artillery and gunfire. A new battle had begun. Whether the artillery was busy on both sides could not be judged from our village. The bombardment was tremendous. The ground shook from the growling and booming that rolled backward and forward, always seeming to become stronger.

The ambulance columns now brought in the first wounded. Couriers sped by us. War had set in in all its phases.

Darkness came over us before we had finished our house-to-house search. We dragged all the mattresses, straw sacks and feather beds that we could lay our hands on, to the community school and church to care for the wounded. They were made as comfortable as possible. From other surrounding villages now came the first fugitives. They may have been marching, for they looked tired and utterly exhausted.

Women, old men and children were huddled together in one mass. They had saved nothing except their bare lives. In baby carriages or on wheelbarrows these unfortunates carried whatever the rule of war had left them. In contrast to the fugitives, whom we had met before, these were extremely frightened, appearing to be in mortal terror of their enemy. Whenever they looked upon one of us German soldiers they cringed in terror.

How different these were from the inhabitants of the village where we had first stopped, who had met us in a friendly, even polite manner. We tried to learn the cause of this fright and discovered that the fugitives had witnessed in their village bitter street fighting. They had become acquainted with war—had seen their houses burning, had seen their little property destroyed and could not forget the sight of their streets filled with corpses and wounded.

It dawned upon us that not merely fear gave these people the appearance of hunted animals; there was also hatred toward the invaders who had fallen upon them and driven them from their homes by night.

In the evening we departed and tried to reach our own regiment. The Belgians had concentrated somewhere to the rear under cover of darkness. We were quite near the neighborhood of the fortified city of Liege. Many settlements through which we passed

stood in flames; the inhabitants driven out, passed us in droves. Women, children and old men were buffeted about and seemed to be everywhere in the way. Without arms or plans, without a place on which to lay their heads these poor people dragged themselves by.

Again we reached a village, which to all appearances had been inhabited by contented people. Now indeed nothing but ruins could be seen. Women, old men and children, dead soldiers, German and Belgian, and among them many civilians, who had been shot by military order.

Toward midnight we reached the German lines. The Germans had tried to take a village which lay within the fortified belt of Liege and was defended tenaciously by the Belgians. Here all forces had to be used in order to drive the enemy out, house by house and street by street. It was not very dark yet, so that we had to witness with all of our senses the terrible fights which developed here. It was a man-to-man fight. With the butts of our guns, knives, fists, teeth we went against the enemy.

One of my best friends fought with a giant Belgian. The guns of both had fallen to the ground. They hammered one another with fists. I had just closed an account with a twenty-two-year-old Belgian and was going to assist my friend because his antagonist was of superior strength. My friend succeeded suddenly in hitting the Belgian on the chin so deeply that he tore a piece of flesh out with his teeth. The Belgian's pain must have been terrible. He released my comrade and ran away with an incoherent cry of pain.

Everything developed by seconds. The blood of the Belgian ran out of my friend's mouth; a terrible nausea and indescribable loathing seized him. The taste of warm human blood brought him almost to the verge of insanity. In the course of this night battle I came in contact for the first time with the butt of a Belgian gun. During a hand-to-hand fight with a Belgian, a second enemy soldier struck me on the back of the head with the butt of his gun so hard that my helmet was forced down over my ears. The pain was fearful and I fainted.

When I revived, I was lying in a barn, with my head bandaged, among other wounded men. My wound was not severe. I only had a feeling as if my head was twice its normal size. The other wounded soldiers and the ambulance men said the Belgians had been forced back within the forts and that hard fighting was still in progress.

Wounded men were brought in continuously and they told us that the Germans had already stormed several forts and had taken a number of main and auxiliary defenses, but could not hold them because they had not been sufficiently supported by artillery. The defenses inside the forts and their garrisons were still intact. The situation was not ripe for a storming attack, so the Germans had to retire with enormous losses. The reports we received were contradictory. It was impossible to get a clear picture. In the meantime the artillery bombardment had become so intense that it horrified even the German soldiers. The heaviest artillery was brought into action against the steel and concrete defenses.

No soldier so far knew anything of the existence of the 42-centimeter mortars. Long after Liege was in German hands these soldiers could not understand how it was possible that the defenses, which consisted of double six-meter walls of steel and concrete, were reduced after only a few hours' bombardment.

I myself could not take part in these operations, being wounded, but my comrades told me later how the capture of the several forts came about. Artillery of all caliber was trained on the forts, but it was the 21-centimeter mortars and the 42s which performed the real work.

From a distance the 42-centimeter projectiles were heard to arrive, to the accompaniment of a fearful hissing that sounded like a long drawn-out screech which filled the whole atmosphere. Wherever it fell, everything was destroyed within a radius of several hundred meters. The air pressure which the bursting of the projectile produced was so terrible that it made breathing difficult for those of us who were holding the advanced positions.

To make this witches' holiday complete, the Zeppelins appeared during the night to participate in the work of destruction. The soldiers suddenly heard above their heads the whirling of propellers and the noise of the motors. The Zeppelins came nearer. They were not discovered by the enemy until they were close to the forts, which immediately played all the



Flashed the Searchlight on Them.

searchlights at their disposal on them, halting the movement for the flying foe. The whirling of the propellers of the airships stopped suddenly. Instead, high in the air a brilliant light appeared, the searchlight of the Zeppelin, which, for a moment, illuminated the entire landscape.

Suddenly all became dark again. A few moments later powerful detonations revealed the fact that the Zeppelin had thrown off "bombs." That went on a long while. Explosion followed explosion. These were followed by clouds of fire. In the air, exploding shrapnel which the Belgian artillery fired at the airships could be observed. The whirling of the propellers started up again, directly above our heads. It became quieter and quieter, until the powerful ships of the air disappeared from our visibility.

Thus the forts were leveled. Thousands of Belgians lay behind the walls and under the fortifications, dead and buried. A general storming attack followed. Liege was in the hands of the Germans, who had paid, in dead alone in this battle, 28,000 men.

CHAPTER II.

I went to Aix-la-Chapelle to a hospital. I met many more wounded men who had fought in Belgium. All were of the opinion that the Belgian dead numbered as many civilians as soldiers. Even if the German soldiers who fought in Belgium do not admit the cruelties committed against the Belgians, it cannot be denied that at least 80 per cent of the cruelties known to the world to have been committed in Belgium were only too true.

A young soldier who lay next to me in the hospital told me that his company, during a street fight in Liege, was given orders to kill everybody without discrimination. Systematically, one house after another was set on fire. The inhabitants either fell in the flames or became the victims in the streets to the gun barrels of the German Kultur-bombers.

At the time I doubted the words of my neighbor, even though I had seen what German warfare meant. After a few days I was released from the hospital and again returned to my detachment. Partly by auto, partly by foot, I reached my detachment by ten o'clock in the evening. Our transport moved this time over Trier to Luxembourg. The little grand duchy of Luxembourg was overrun entirely by German soldiers. The Germans who had made their homes in Luxembourg had everything taken away from them, especially the farmers, all food, without thought of payment, so that in Luxembourg at this time there was a shortage of food. The people here as well as in Belgium were very friendly, yet they harbored a terrible bitterness against the German government, which had looted its troops like a band of robbers and murderers over their peaceful country.

Belgium and Luxembourg, the two first unhappy victims of the damnable German politics and its drunkenness with power!

That the Luxembourg citizens detested Germany an incident showed me which happened in the village of Mar-moth. We were in a friendly conversation with a Luxembourg farmer. Two officers approached and listened. One officer, a captain, asked the Luxembourg farmer, "What do you think of the war, and of the quickness of Germany? There is only one Germany, isn't there?"

"Yes," replied the farmer, "Thank the Lord."

For those four words the farmer was arrested at once and transported to Germany as a court prisoner. I could never learn what became of him.

The same evening we were transported in automobiles and on the evening of August 20, 1914, we reached our detachment, which was about 35 miles from the Belgian city of Neuve Chateau. The regiment to which I belonged did not take part in any operations after the fall of Liege, but was transported to this part of Belgium. Now I learn for the first time how heavy was the loss in my company in the Liege fighting. We lost 157 men in dead and wounded.

This night we slept in an open field. At five o'clock the next morning we marched again until four o'clock in the afternoon, when we were given a rest.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening when we received orders to advance. We were all ready to proceed when another order came for us to remain at our bivouac overnight. During the night we heard thundering of cannon which became more violent. The battle of Neuve Chateau, which had continued from August 22 to August 24, 1914, had begun.

At four o'clock on the morning of August 25 we resumed our march. At Neuve Chateau the French army had encountered the Fourth German army. First there was, as always, minor outpost and patrol fighting. By and by larger masses of troops participated, and as we took our part in the battle on the evening of August 22, the fight had developed into one of the most sanguinary of the world war.

When we arrived the French occupied almost three-quarters of the town. The artillery had set the main part of Neuve Chateau on fire and only the beautiful residence section in the western part of the city escaped at that time. All night long the house-to-house fighting continued, but when at noon of August 23 the city was in German hands the enormous cost to the Germans could finally be determined.

Residences, cellars, streets and sidewalks were heaped with dead and wounded. The houses were in ruins—empty shells, in which hardly anything remained undamaged that was of any real value. Thousands became beggars in one terrible night. Women and children, soldiers and civilians were lying where the flames raged and had been laid down from their lifeless deaths. The scene was a sight to make the heart sick. The bodies of the Germans lay in the streets, and the bodies of the French lay in the trenches.

to street. Close by lay a man of uncertain years before an empty house. Both his legs were burned to the knees. His wife lay on his breast and sobbed so pitifully that her grief could not be endured. Most of the dead were entirely or partly burned. The cries of agony of the animals fighting in the trenches were mixed with the groans and sobbing of the wounded.

But no one had time to bother with them. The French were making another stand outside the city in an open field. As the enemy vacated the town the Germans made an error which cost them hundreds of lives. They had occupied the entire town so quickly that the German artillery which should have been a part of the city did not know of the change in the situation and thus shells into the ranks of the infantry. Finally our soldiers were compelled to give up some of their gains by the pressure of our own as well as the French fire, but regained this ground afterwards. Strangely enough, the residence section previously mentioned had not suffered seriously. All the houses flew the Red Cross and were used as temporary hospitals.

Here it was reported that Belgians mutilated German soldiers. Whether this was true, or only a rumor, similar to others being constantly started by German soldiers, I cannot say, but I do know that on August 24, after the French had retired, it was made known through an army order that German soldiers had been murdered there, and that the German army could not leave the scene of these outrages without first avenging the victims.

It was ordered by the commander of the army to level the remainder of the city and to show no mercy. As we took a short rest from our pursuit of the enemy and looked backward clouds of smoke to the eastward showed that the order had been executed. A remaining battery of artillery had reduced the city to ashes.

The French had made a stand outside the city and resisted to the utmost, but they were outnumbered. It was simply impossible to resist the pressure of the German war machine. When the German columns, with fixed bayonets, attacked to the accompaniment of their blood-curdling yells which, like their steel, penetrated to the bone, they resembled in every respect American Indians going into action, flinging themselves with blood-curdling yells upon their enemies. After a three-hour fight many Frenchmen gave themselves up as prisoners. With uplifted hands they sought mercy.

At last, on the night of August 23 and 24, the enemy's tanks were thrown into confusion and they retired slowly. I was in the first detachment which pursued them. To the right and left of the road, in the field and ditches, were dead and wounded.

The red putrefactions of the French showed brightly on the ground. The field gray of the Germans could hardly be discerned.

The distance between us and the retreating French became greater. Our soldiers became happier over the outcome of the battle and seemed to forget their past hardships. The corpses which filled the roads and ditches were forgotten until the jokes and songs on every side. The men were already accustomed to the horrors of war to such an extent that they unconcernedly walked over the corpses, not even considering it necessary to make a slight detour.

At noon we halted and were served with dinner from the field kitchens. We were surely hungry enough and our canned soup was eaten with the utmost relish. Many soldiers set their dishes on the bodies of dead horses lying about and ate as gayly as if they were at home at their own tables. The few human corpses near our camp failed to disturb us. Only water was lacking, and after the dinner our thirst became very acute, even torturous.

We soon marched on, under a burning mid-day sun, the dust of the highway lying thick on our uniforms and skin. Now, no more cheerfulness was evident anywhere. Our thirst became more unbearable and we grew weaker from minute to minute. Many in our ranks felt, unable to go farther. Nothing remained for our commander except to halt, as he did not wish to exhaust us all. As a result of this halt we were left considerably in the rear and lost our place among those pursuing the French.

About four o'clock we finally saw before us a village. In the certain expectation of getting water there we quickened our pace. Fugitives and empty munition columns passed us. Among them there was a farm wagon upon which were several civilian prisoners, apparently franc-tireurs. A Catholic priest was among them. He, like the others, had his hands tied behind him with a rope. To our curious questions as to what he had done, we were told that he had incited the farmers to poison the water in the village.

Soon we reached the village and at the first well at which we might have satisfied our thirst we found a sentinel posted. He drove us away with a warning that the water was poisoned. Disappointed and terribly enheartened, the soldiers cursed and gnashed their teeth. They hurried on to the next well, but everywhere sentinels forbade our taking refreshment.

In an open space in the center of the village was a big well from which there came water clear as crystal that emptied into a big trough. Five soldiers stood guard here to see that no one drank. I was just about to proceed with my comrades when a large part of my company threw themselves like men possessed onto the well. The guards were completely overcome and greedy as animals, all the men drank. They quenched their thirst, but not the thirst of the priest, as we learned later. He was punished because the well was poisoned. The water in every village had been poisoned, and we were told that only by a happy chance had the lives of our soldiers been spared. The food of the Germans was also poisoned. The water in every village had been poisoned, and we were told that only by a happy chance had the lives of our soldiers been spared. The food of the Germans was also poisoned.

A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail in a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND **BLADDER** and **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy** cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pain in the back, if your urine stains linen, if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

Every dose of **DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY** slowly but surely pushes aside some of the particles of the diseased kidneys and bladder, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or let it go, if you are not entirely cured, try one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you, the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

It is sold in **New York City** at **100 East 12th St.** at the regular **\$1.00** per bottle.

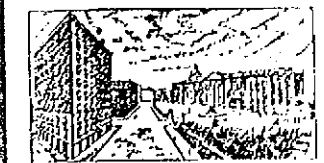
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New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table (Revised February 15, 1918).
Local Service for Full Week, (Monday and Tuesday) 7:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m., (Wednesday) 7:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m., (Thursday) 7:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m., (Friday) 7:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m., (Saturday) 7:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m., (Sunday) 7:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m.



Overseas routes - All routes and rates for 1918, which include free use of public shower baths. Nothing to equal this in New England. Rooms with private bath for \$1.00 per day. Suites of two rooms and bath for \$1.00 per day.

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HOW COLD AFFECTS SOUNDS

Numerous Examples Can Be Given, but Exact Reason Is Hard to Explain.

A close observer describes two phenomena of nature not easily explained: First, that natural sounds are very different in the colder than in the warmer months of the year; and, second, that waters have different tints during the colder and warmer months.

A number of examples occur to prove the first phenomenon. Who has not noticed the contrast in the noise of the wind in different seasons when it blows around the corner of the house—in summer what a soft, mellow tone it has and in winter what a harsh, rough whistle?

Then, again, let us stroll along the banks of a stream in May, June or July, and we will observe that the water will then make a gentle, babbling sound, while in November or winter it will, with not great volume, make a harsh, gurgling noise.

Still again, if we ramble in the woods during late spring or early summer, we cannot but notice with what a softness and mildness the wind has been blowing through the tops of the trees; on the other hand, what a roaring it makes in cold weather.

Perhaps the trees being with or without foliage may cause some difference, but it will be observed in May, before the leaves are out to any extent, there is even then a marked difference between that time and December. Often we have heard it along telegraph wires during the summer and winter, and have noted the contrast.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

THE CONFESSIONS OF A GERMAN DESERTER

Continued from Page 2



Cursed and Gnashed Their Teeth.

God of the Belgians was not there to protect him.

In most of the places we passed we were warned not to use the water. This, of course, had the effect of making the soldiers hate the people from whom they could expect only death. In this way the vicious instincts of our men were aroused.

The water, of course, was nowhere poisoned. These lies were told to arouse hatred of the Belgians among our soldiers.

In the evening, at dusk, we reached a village east of the front. There we found poisoned water also. In the middle of the village we halted and I could see through a front window of a house before which I stood. In a miserable home of a laborer we saw a woman. She clung to her children as if afraid they would be torn away from her. Suddenly a stone as large as a fist was thrown through the window into the room and a little girl was wounded on the right hand.

In this village we were billeted in a barn. With some comrades, I went to the village to buy food. We obtained bread, beer and wine at a farmhouse, but the people refused any payment because they considered us guests. They only asked that we should not hurt them. We paid them nevertheless for everything in German money. There, as everywhere else we went, we found the population in mortal terror of us. The people trembled whenever a German soldier entered their home.

To be continued

OVER THE TOP

Continued from Page 6

mailed still, about four feet from me, in a sort of sitting position. I called to him, "Are you hurt badly, Jack?" but no answer. He was dead. A dark red stain was coming through his tunic right under the heart. The blood ran down his bare knees, making a horrible sight. On his right side he carried his water bottle. I was crazy for a drink and tried to reach this, but for the life of me could not negotiate that four feet. Then I became unconscious. When I woke up I was in an advanced first-aid post. I asked the doctor if we had taken the trench. "We took the trench and the wood beyond, all right," he said, "and you fellows did your bit; but, my lad, that was thirty-six hours ago. You were lying in No Man's Land in that hole for a day and a half. It's a wonder you are alive." He also told me that out of the twenty that were in the raiding party, seventeen were killed. The officer died of wounds in crawling back to our trench and I was severely wounded, but one fellow returned without a scratch, without any prisoners. No doubt this chap was the one who had sneezed and improperly cut the barbed wire.

In the official communiqué our trench raid was described as follows:

"All quiet on the western front, excepting in the neighborhood of Gommecourt wood, where one of our raiding parties penetrated into the German lines."

It is needless to say that we had no use for our persuaders or come-alongs, as we brought back no prisoners, and until I die Old Pepper's words, "Personally I don't believe that that part of the German trench is occupied," will always come to me when I hear some fellow trying to get away with a fishy statement. I will judge it accordingly.

(To be Continued.)

The Sixth Sense.

Human beings have a real sixth sense, says Science, in the shape of a sense of equilibrium. This sense is coming in for much intensive study today, because it is probably the most important qualification for the successful aviator. It has been found to reside in three tiny canals in the inner ear. These three canals are located in the bone of the skull and are filled with a liquid in which nerve filaments from the auditory nerve terminate. In some way not yet clearly understood, through these canals and nerves the individual can tell, without being able to see or feel, just how nearly upright his position is. The sense is much more keenly developed in some people than in others.

DUITS SOCIETY FOR NURSING



Mrs. Herbert Shipman of Washington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edson Bradley, has exchanged her place in Washington's most exclusive society to serve as a trained nurse in France, and is now on her way to the front. Several months ago when her husband left the rectory of the Church of the Heavenly Host in New York to become a chaplain at Spaulding, S. C., Mrs. Shipman began training in a New York hospital.

MAN HAS OLD GOLD PIECE

It Was Coined 120 Years Ago, With Value Omitted and Is Now a Curio.

MASS., O.—Recently H. B. Gray of Fitchburg was in Mass. and bought a ten-dollar gold piece which bore the date of 1797. This gold piece was of unusual shape, being the size of a half-dollar, and about as thick as a silver quarter. On one side it had the word "Liberty" over a bust, the face of which resembled that of Queen Victoria. It also had 16 stars.

On the reverse side there was the usual spread eagle and shield with the words "E Pluribus Unum" and 13 stars, with the words "United States of America." The number of dollars this gold piece represented were not indicated anywhere on it.

Mr. Gray said that it was given to him a good many years ago by a friend in New York, who had two of them. The statement was made by the donor that there were only about 12 or 13 of these gold pieces issued when it was discovered that they did not indicate the value, the \$10 having been omitted. Upon the discovery of the omission the government attempted to recall the gold pieces, but they were such oddities that they were very highly treasured by the holders.

Mr. Gray states that it is his information that the \$10 was offered for each one that could be recovered. He says he thinks that inasmuch as that was the price before the day of automobiles, that the freak gold piece ought at least be worth the price of a silver now, and stands ready to make such a swap.

NEWS FOR LOVERS OF CHEESE

Ripest, Most Delicious and Most Perishable Limburger Now Made in United States.

Seattle, Wash.—Limburger cheese lovers who have felt bereft since the supply of their favorite food has been cut off by the war are finding comfort in the fact that "the ripest, most delicious and most perishable Limburger" now is manufactured in the United States in quantity sufficient to supply all demands.

At least this is the announcement of the food administration at Washington in a letter to the Seattle chamber of commerce.

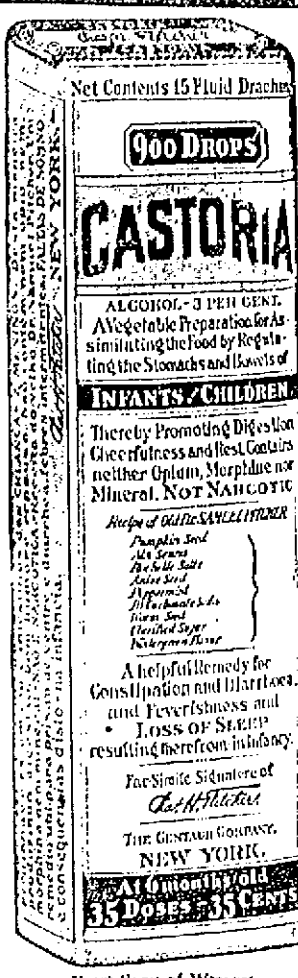
"Grocers and butchers, start a healthy cheese department—it will help win the war," says the food administration.

Refining of Metals.

A smelting and refining company handles nearly all metals excepting iron in producing brasses, bearing metals, solders, type metals, etc., using copper, tin, lead, zinc, antimony, aluminum, nickel, manganese bronze, phosphor copper and tin and bismuth. The daily production includes 40 miles of wire solder, 100,000 pounds of brass ingots, 50,000 pounds of babbitt and three miles of lead pipe. The refining each day aggregate 40,000 pounds of copper, 20,000 pounds of zinc, and 30,000 pounds of lead.

North American Moose.

The moose is the largest living representative of the deer family, and is found in North America. The elk is native of northern Europe and is considered by many zoologists to be the same species, except that it is smaller. A full grown moose may be six and one-half to seven feet tall at the shoulder and weigh 1,000 to 1,500 pounds. On account of endurance and strength the moose is frequently symbolic, persons of unusual power being said to be "as strong as a bull moose."



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DISEASE SPREAD BY ANIMALS

Scientists and Physicians Have Prepared a Strong Indictment Against the Beasts.

Although animals are not affected by the sickness and communicable diseases of man, yet, for some unexplainable reason, the scientists and physicians declare that a whole host of oftentimes fatal ailments of mankind are traceable to the beasts, says Popular Science Monthly.

The horse is blamed for spreading glanders, rabies, lockjaw and other diseases of five or more syllables. Dogs and cats are branded as the circulators of rabies, parasitic worms of different kinds, fleas and ticks.

The cow is the worst offender. The list of diseases laid at her barn door is headed with tuberculosis and grows constantly more blood-curdling, until we wonder why physicians and scientists consent to the use of milk, butter and cheese which still lead the dietitians' list of nutritives.

Rats, squirrels and fleas spread the bubonic plague. We are prepared to believe that lice and bedbugs, flies and mosquitoes are the rapid transit lines for yellow fever and malaria. We are willing to forego the luscious oyster all the year around, if need be, to avoid typhoid fever.

Silk Jersey Jumpers.

Decidedly charming are the silk jersey jumpers slipped on over perfectly simple plain skirts, and emphasis of outline can be imparted through the simple means of a sash.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

JAMES P. TAYLOR,

139 Thames Street,

Clothing

—AND—
 GENTLEMEN'S
 Furnishing Goods.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.'S
 CLOTHING.

Special Bargains!

For the next three days we offer our entire line of Fall and Winter Woollens,

comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 4 per cent. less than our regular prices. The goods in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,
 184 Thames Street
 NEWPORT, R. I.

NEWHOME



"I'll get it for my wife"
 NO OTHER LIKE IT.
 NO OTHER AS GOOD.
 Purchase the "NEWHOME" and you will have a life saver in the home. The elimination of their expense by saving time and money and best quality of material makes the "NEWHOME" a most economical purchase. "NEWHOME" is WARRANTEED FOR ALL TIME.
 Known the world over for its quality and reliability. No other machine can compare with it.
 THE NEWHOME SEWING MACHINE CO., BOSTON, MASS.
 DEALER WANTED

LOOSE LEAF BINDERS

We handle the famous I-P Line of Loose Leaf Binders and Forms. You've seen them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post and other publications.

1,000 LOOSE LEAF DEVICES AND FORMS FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND FOR EVERY BUSINESS.

Ring Binders, Post Binders (Sectional and Whole), Spring Back Binders, and Patent Steel Lodgers.

MERCURY PUB. CO.,
 182 THAMES ST.

NOTICE

OFFICE OF

Newport Gas Light Co

181 THAMES ST.

No Coke will be sold or orders received for same until further notice.

Newport

Gas Light Co.

Grandmother in Eighteen Days.

A lady green bug becomes a grandmother in 18 days. One can imagine, then, notes a naturalist, the multitudinous armies of these insects that may develop in the course of a season. Their worst foe is a tiny black four-winged fly that deposits an egg in each bug it comes across, its larva consuming the bug's inside works and using its shell for a house.

With the Farmer.

Money may make the mare go, but what interests the average farmer more than that is the fact that he must keep the mare going to make money.—Exchange.

HAVOC BY 'QUAKE IN CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Crowds Stampeded by Two Shocks and Many Persons Are Hurt.

TWO TOWNS ARE DESTROYED.

Panic in Los Angeles as Walls Are Shattered—Theater Crowds Are Thrown Into Terror—Buildings Also Topple.

Los Angeles.—All of southern California and part of western Arizona and Utah were shaken by an earthquake which wrecked virtually all business buildings and homes in Hemet and San Jacinto, two inland towns 45 miles southeast of Riverside, Cal., and caused minor property damage in practically every town and city. The loss to Hemet and San Jacinto was estimated at \$500,000, and two lives were lost there.

One man was trampled to death in a panic at Santa Monica. A woman was injured by falling from a second story window at San Jacinto, and a number of persons were injured there and elsewhere, none seriously. Three men engaged in a magnesite mine tunnel near Hemet probably were saved by fellow workers who drove an air shaft to them and were expected to dig them out.

The severity of the shock seemed greatest inland, but it was distinctly apparent at nearly every point over California south from a line from Barstow to the coast and in some parts of Arizona, although no damage was reported there. Homes all over southern California were shaken, dishes rattled, furniture moved, and in many places the shock caused the occupants to vacate hastily. The shock was reported to have extended as far east as Seligman, Ariz., and Milford, Utah.

In Los Angeles, where there were two shocks of ten seconds and thirty seconds each, the earthquake broke a number of large plate glass windows to office buildings. There was almost panic in the numerous theaters and picture houses, and one woman, Mrs. A. Jacobs, was struck on the head by an iron fire escape, lowered from above as she stepped from a theater side entrance.

At the city jail there was a panic among the prisoners when glass crashed from the upper windows. Bricks fell from the cornice into the street. At a meeting of the Half-Century Club held in the old Normal Center, in the center of the city, the chandeliers fell, and a panic was narrowly averted by the band playing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

At Santa Monica, a seaside town near here, a crowd was on the Municipal Pier, which swayed perilously, and in the rush to escape Frank E. Darbell, a retired manufacturer of Los Angeles, was thrown down and trampled to death. Several persons were injured. As the ground tremors increased the walls of brick buildings in the business district toppled over. Roofs creaked and groaned and then fell, often giving way before the side walls had started to go.

CAPITAL BARS ENEMY WOMEN.

President's Order Provides Permits in Barred Zones—Must Register.

Washington.—Arrangements are nearly completed for the registration of German enemy alien women. President Wilson issued a proclamation classifying all women of German birth and all women of Austrian-Hungarian nationality as enemy aliens and applying to them the same restrictions and guarantees that are applied to men.

American Medals of Honor.

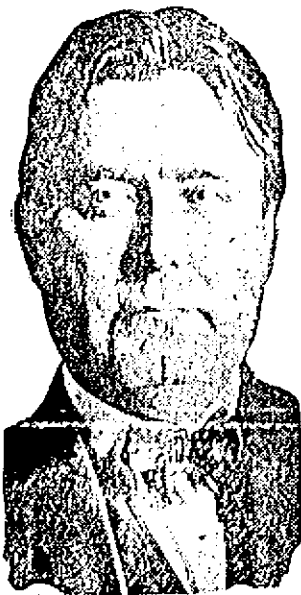
It will surprise many to learn that a medal of honor of the United States, given for bravery on the field of battle, has existed ever since the Civil War. It is a five-pointed star of rose-gold finish, bearing the head of Minerva and the inscription, "United States of America." Upon each point of the star is an oak leaf. The star itself is encircled by a green enamel laurel wreath. Surrounding the star and wreath is an eagle resting on a bar, upon which is the word "Valor" in raised letters. The reverse side is left plain for engraving the name of the recipient, which is preceded by the inscription, "The Congress to —." The decoration is pendant from a concealed pin by blue watered-silk ribbon, upon which are emblazoned 13 stars in white. The medal, which is the same in every instance, is bestowed upon commissioned and noncommissioned ranks alike.

Dog Brought Criminal to Justice.

Traced by a dog, a criminal was brought to justice at Johannesburg, South Africa, recently. At the trial interesting evidence was given by the police as to how the accused was traced by dogs after the scent was taken by one of the dogs from the scene of the struggle. The detective described the dog's movement until it came to a stable boy's room, in which there were two natives and two beds. The two natives were sitting on the one bed, and the dog went up and sniffed one of them. She then went to the vacant bed, sniffed that, sat down and barked. The accused sat on the vacant bed and the dog went to the accused's companion and sniffed him and barked. She subsequently barked herself out when he was paroled with eight other natives.

WILLIAM E. BORAH

Idaho Senator Says Chamberlain Bill Contravenes Constitution.



Opposition to Senator Chamberlain's bill to court martial spies and propagandists springs to the front when Borah of Idaho launched an attack upon the bill, terming it absolutely unconstitutional and having no necessity to back it.

KILLS COURTS-MARTIAL

President Calls a Halt on Bill Aiming Prussianism.

Proposed Measure Cause of Assistant Attorney General Warren's Resignation.

Washington.—President Wilson announced opposition to any legislation intended to curtail the jurisdiction of the civil courts for the period of the war. In a letter to Senator Overman of North Carolina the president asserted the opinion that the Chamberlain bill, which would try section cases by court martial, was unconstitutional.

The controversy in Congress over the proposed measure served also to develop the first explanation for the resignation of Assistant Attorney General Charles Warren. In a letter to Representative Gordon of Ohio Attorney General Gregory said Mr. Warren had drawn the bill and sent it to Congress without the knowledge of the department of justice.

The president's letter follows: "My Dear Senator—Thank you for your letter of yesterday. I am heartily obliged to you for committing me about the court martial bill, as perhaps I may call it for short. I am wholly and unalterably opposed to such legislation and very much value the opportunity you give me to say so. I think it is not only unconstitutional, but that in character it would put us nearly upon the level of the very people we are fighting and affecting to despise. It would be altogether inconsistent with the spirit and practice of America, and in view of the recent legislation—the espionage bill, the sabotage bill and the woman spy bill—I think it is unnecessary and uncalled for."

"I take the liberty, my dear senator, of expressing myself in this emphatic way because my feeling is very deep about the matter, as I gather your own is."

"It is admirable the way you have been handling these important bills, and I thank you with all my heart for standing by the bill which bears your name without any compromise of any kind."

"It gives me the greatest satisfaction to tell you how much I have appreciated what you have been doing."

Representative Curd of Michigan, the author of the house bill, said he purposed to press for the adoption of the measure unless assured that immediate and drastic action was to be taken in spy cases.

WEST VIRGINIA MUST PAY.

Supreme Court Orders Settlement of \$12,393,921 Civil War Debt.

Washington.—West Virginia must pay that part of original Virginia's debt she avoided by separating from that state at the outbreak of the Civil War. It was announced by the supreme court of the United States will enforce payment.

The payment must be made within one year. The amount of the judgment is \$12,393,921.

VOTES \$140,000,000 AN HOUR.

House Passed \$1,350,000,000 Naval Bill in Record Time.

Washington.—After the house had passed the naval appropriation bill by unanimous vote Representative Britten, Republican of Illinois called attention to the new record, saying: "The house disposed of the appropriation bill at the rate of \$140,000,000 an hour." The naval bill is the second largest in the history of this country. It carries almost \$1,350,000,000 for the building program of the navy.

Seattle, Wash.—Winning back the world's laurel wreath by an achievement that will startle every maritime nation, including Germany, the Steiner & Eddy Corporation has built the nation's first steamship yard at the Salmon River Steamship Yards, located on the Flathead river, in Washington.

This clip five days from the previous world record, which was made by the Columbia Company of Portland,

GERMAN LOSSES HEAVIEST OF WAR

British and French Mass Large Forces and Await the Expected Teuton Attack.

200,000 ITALIANS AID HAIG.

French Gain Important Heights Near Amiens—Allies Get First Breathing Spell Since Hindenburg Opened Picardy Drive.

London.—After many days of slaughter a sudden lull set in on the western battle front.

It is the first breathing spell Hindenburg has allowed his exhausted troops since he started his supreme drive through Flanders for the Channel ports on April 9.

Also it is the nearest complete cessation of fighting since March 21, when Ludendorff's spring campaign opened "on the very minute" with the launching of Germany's "win the war" offensive in Picardy.

However, the great battle is being kept ominously "alive" by a chain of ceaseless and deadly artillery fire. The bombardments at points all along the 160 mile battle front continue at an intensity which may bring forth at any moment another outbreak of general infantry fighting.

Simultaneously the French were gaining ground in heavy local fighting on a five mile front southeast of Amiens, from the Luce to the west bank of the Avre.

Italy has sent 200,000 infantrymen to serve in the inter-allied army of reserve in France.

The Italian fighters compose the right wing of the reserve, which is subject to the command of the inter-allied council acting in concert with General Foch.

British advisers say this reserve army will number at least 800,000 men. The army will be composed of picked troops from the forces of the Italians, British, French and Americans, each nation contributing 200,000 men.

The Italian troops sent to the French front are veterans of the great drive against Austria. They are picked men, but as yet none of the Alpine troops has been assigned to their army.

The Germans have not repeated their thrust along the line running north of Bethune, where they met with a sanguinary repulse. They employed about 70,000 men along a line variously reported to be six to ten miles in length, but gained little or no ground. La Bassee canal front is still in British hands, and bridges hung across it by the Teutons have been swept away by the allied artillery fire.

The blow aimed by the French at the very apex of the German lines in Picardy, in front of Amiens, has not been followed up. It is difficult to believe that the allied counter offensive, when it comes, will be launched in this sector. Advances from France would seem to indicate that the blow will be struck at another part of the battle line.

In the three days since they took Messines ridge the Germans have failed to gain any ground, and their losses in fruitless assaults, according to both official and unofficial accounts, have been extremely heavy.

"We hold the Roche waves, but that is not sufficient; we will do something more," General Foch is quoted as saying.

"Our ample reserves are still intact. We are satisfied with the progress of events."

Weygand to Aid Foch.

Washington.—France will be represented in the future at the Allied Council at Versailles by General Belin, who was a major general at the beginning of the war, says a diplomatic dispatch received here.

He succeeded General Weygand, who is to be the chief collaborator of Generalissimo Foch.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

WASHINGTON.—Norwegian sailing vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 400,000 have been chartered by the Shipping Board for service in American and Pacific waters. These vessels will be utilized to relieve steamships for transatlantic service.

Pilgrimages.

Of all the races and religions which send pilgrims to Jerusalem, there are none more strange and pathetic than those Russian peasants who come from the depths of their steppes to visit the holy places of their faith. They may be seen winding their way in small groups along the camel track which crosses the plain of Sharon and the mountains of Ephraim, singing their haunting Slav laments. These are the moujiks of old Russia, neighbors, perhaps, in some far-off village, who set out together on this great pilgrimage, for which they have saved every kopeck all their lives.—Christian Science Monitor.

Spotless Town Found.

The spotless town of fiction has been discovered at last. It is Imlay, Nev., a freight division on the Southern Pacific railway, and its 200 inhabitants are mainly railroaders, says the Wall Street Journal. Its spotlessness is due to the fact that the town is without a saloon, and also no jail. It is without lawyers, doctors or a "red-light district." There is no church in the town and no cemetery on its outskirts. Neither can one find a prostitute or a gambling place. The inhabitants are clean and industrious and work for their living.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

Premier Lloyd George Loses Publisher's Support.



J. Austen Chamberlain's appointment to the War Cabinet has furnished Northcliffe the opportunity to train his newspaper guns on the government, and his organs are openly hostile to the government they made possible in December, 1918.

YANKS' HARDEST FIGHT

Put Up Desperate Resistance in Village of Seicheprey.

Shock Troops Lead in Assault Which Is Preceded by Violent Gas Bombardment.

With the French Army in France.—The attack on the Americans at Seicheprey, east of St. Mihiel, now appears to have been a carefully planned operation which had as its object the piercing of the American lines, or perhaps the splitting of the American and French forces, which are holding adjacent positions there. It met with defeat, however, and the line, which was denied by the fury of the Teuton attack, has again been restored.

General Pershing's first report on the German assault upon the American and French forces in the Toul sector is understood to indicate that the Americans suffered more than two hundred casualties, and to estimate the German losses at between three and four hundred.

When an entire German regiment, reinforced by storm troops, attacked the sector held by American troops, near Seicheprey, General Pershing's men fought the most serious engagement they have as yet experienced. The attack was made by a considerable force and indications show that important preparations were made for it.

Unusual precautions were immediately taken along the whole sector of the front as soon as the German intention was known. An extremely heavy hostile bombardment with poison gas shells opened during the course of the night and lasted until five o'clock in the morning.

At that hour the enemy infantry dashed forward, preceded by storm troops which had been brought to the scene especially for the attack, after preliminary training on ground similar to the sector held by the American troops.

The assault was over a line 2,000 yards in length and at several places the enemy succeeded in entering the American lines. They even entered and occupied Seicheprey, where the Americans holding that position offered the most stubborn defense.

Without a moment's delay, following their retirement at Seicheprey, the Americans organized, with the French, a counter attack, which was carried out brilliantly, driving the German out of the village and taking a number of prisoners.

In this vicinity many prisoners fell into the hands of the allies, while the barbed wire and shell pitted ground were covered with German corpses.

SALT RHEUM ON BABY'S FACE

And Leg. Scratched Terribly. Could Not Sleep. Very Fretful and Restless.

Troubled Nearly a Year. In Four Weeks Cuticura Soap and Ointment Healed.

"My baby had salt rheum ever since she was two months old. It broke out on her face first, then on her leg. It broke out like a rash and the skin would become sore and dreadfully inflamed. She scratched terribly and could not sleep. She was very fretful and restless."

"It was on her leg for nearly a year. I then sent for a free sample of Cuticura. I bought more, and in about three or four weeks she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. William Curtis, R. F. D. 2, Holland, Mass., July 3, 1917.

Cuticura Soap to cleanse, purify and beautify. Cuticura Ointment to soften, soothe and heal. Are ideal for every-day toilet purposes.

Sample Free. Address postcard "Cuticura," Dept. 5100, P. O. Box 100, Lowell, Mass. Sold everywhere.

THE NEW LIBERTY LOAN

You no doubt wish to subscribe to the new Liberty Loan, issued by the United States Government. These Bonds afford an investment that is Absolutely Secure and yield a liberal return in interest. We will be pleased to receive your subscription for Liberty Bonds.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

NEWPORT, R. I.

Savings Bank of Newport Quarter Day

Saturday, April 20, 1918

Deposits made on or before above date begin to draw in interest from that day.

No. 1665

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The National Exchange Bank

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on March 1, 1918.

RESOURCES		\$11,171.55	\$11,171.55
Loans on 100 counts			
Total Loans			\$11,171.55
Overdrafts, (uncashed, \$100.00)			2,227.25
Liberty Loan Bonds, (unpledged)			100,000.00
Liberty Loan Bonds, (pledged to secure State, or other deposits or bills payable)			5,000.00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 percent of subscription)			218,122.83
Value of banking house			4,970.00
Real estate owned other than banking house			21,075.00
Loaned reserve with Federal Reserve Bank			15,075.00
Cash in vault and not accounted for from national banks			107,125.00
Exchange for clearing, (due to bank other than New York)			6,122.00
Checks on other banks in this city or town as reporting			10,563.75
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer			5,000.00
Total			\$1,223,730.91
LIABILITIES		\$10,000.00	\$10,000.00
Capital stock paid in			
Surplus fund			
Undivided Profits			
Loans current, (uncashed, interest and taxes paid)			2,227.25
Reserve for State outstanding			100,000.00
Not accounted for to National Banks			5,000.00
Not accounted for to Banks and Bankers (other than above)			41,082.34
Total amount of loans 21 and 22			50,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check			25,000.00
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days			25,000.00
Certified checks			25,000.00
Dividends unpaid			25,000.00
Total of deposits subject to reserve			25,000.00
U. S. Bonds borrowed for which collateral security was furnished			25,000.00
Other than with Federal Reserve Bank, including all obligations representing money borrowed, other than redemptions			25,000.00
Bills payable with Federal Reserve Bank			25,000.00
Total			\$1,223,730.91

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

County of Newport ss: I, Geo. H. Brown, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear to the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 10th day of March, 1918.

Correct Attest: EDWARD A. BROWN, EDWARD H. PECKHAM, FREDERICK B. COOPERHILL, Directors.

You Can SAVE COAL

by the use of any of the many

ELECTRICAL HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

for sale by the

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

Illuminating Department, Tel. 28 449 Thames St.

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1917 Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS 7.40, 8.50 a. m., then each hour to 5.50 p. m.

SUNDAYS 8.50 a. m., then each hour to 7.50 p. m.

Commonwealth Hotel

Opposite State House, BOSTON, MASS.

To Conserve Food

Pound for Pound

12 pounds of Wheat Flour
1 pound Cornstarch
5 pounds Rolled Oats
2 pounds Corn flour
1 pound Hominy
2 pounds Rice flour
1 pound Buckwheat flour

This is one way you might make up your flour purchase. However, there are many other things to choose from. You can always use a great deal of corn meal, and that is on the list. Any of these which your grocer has can make up part of the order: soy bean meal, barley meal, peanut flour, potato flour. And rice, too, is on the list. Here are two recipes to help you learn to use these cereals.

Hominy Muffins made with Corn Flour

1 cup cooked hominy
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 tablespoons shortening
egg
3/4 cup of milk
2 cups corn flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
Mix together hominy, salt, melted shortening, beaten egg and milk. Add enough liquid to make a soft dough. Turn on to a floured board and roll to about 1/2 inch thickness. Cut with a floured biscuit cutter. Bake about 15 minutes.

Oatmeal Biscuits

2 tablespoons fat
1 cup oatmeal
1 cup white flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
Liquid
Mix the fat with the oatmeal and flour, which has been sifted with the baking powder and salt. Add enough liquid to make a soft dough. Turn on to a floured board and roll to about 1/2 inch thickness. Cut with a floured biscuit cutter. Bake about 15 minutes.

"What have I not done to preserve the world from these horrors?" the Kaiser is said to have asked as he looked over the battlefield in Picardy. Ask us something hard, Billy. That is too easy.—Philadelphia Ledger.



"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

Copyright by
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Fired by the news of the taking of the last line by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets somewhere in France, where he first makes the acquaintance of the over-enthusiastic "Tommy."

CHAPTER III—Empey attends his first church service at the front while a German fighter circles over the congregation.

CHAPTER IV—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V—Empey learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

CHAPTER VI—Back in rest billets, Empey gets his first experience as a messenger.

CHAPTER VII—Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed.

CHAPTER VIII—Back in the front-line trenches, Empey sees his first friend of the trenches, "Old Pepper."

CHAPTER IX—Empey makes his first visit to a dugout in "Suicide Ditch."

CHAPTER X—Empey learns what constitutes a "day's work" in the front-line trench.

CHAPTER XI—Empey goes "over the top" for the first time in a charge on the German trenches and is wounded by a bayonet thrust.

CHAPTER XII—Empey joins the "put-side club," as the bombing squad is called.

CHAPTER XIII—Each Tommy gets an official bath.

CHAPTER XIV—Empey helps dig an advanced trench under German fire.

CHAPTER XV—On "listening post" in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER XVI—Two artillerymen "put one over" on Old Pepper, their regimental commander.

CHAPTER XVII—Empey has narrow escape while on patrol duty in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER XVIII—Back in rest billets, Empey writes and stages a farce comedy.

CHAPTER XIX—Soldiers have many ways to amuse themselves while "on their own."

CHAPTER XX—Empey volunteers for machine gun service and goes back into the front-line trenches.

CHAPTER XXI—Empey again goes "over the top" in a charge which cost his company 10 killed and 10 wounded.

CHAPTER XXII—Trick with a machine gun silences one bothersome Fritz.

CHAPTER XXIII—German attack, preceded by gas wave, is repulsed.

CHAPTER XXIV—Empey is forced to take part in an execution as a member of the firing squad.

CHAPTER XXV.

Preparing for the Big Push.

Repeating Atwell after the execution I had a hard time trying to keep my secret from him. I think I must have lost at least ten pounds worrying over the affair.

Beginning at seven in the evening it was our duty to patrol all communication and front-line trenches, making note of unusual occurrences, and arresting anyone who should, to us, appear to be acting in a suspicious manner. We slept during the day.

Behind the lines there was great activity, supplies and ammunition pouring in, and long columns of troops constantly passing. We were preparing for the big offensive, the forerunner of the battle of the Somme or "Big Push."

The never-ending stream of men, supplies, ammunition and guns pouring into the front lines made a mighty spectacle, one that cannot be described. It has to be witnessed with your own eyes to appreciate its vastness.

At our part of the line the influx of supplies never ended. It looked like a huge snake slowly crawling forward, never a hitch or break, a wonderful tribute to the system and efficiency of Great Britain's "contemptible little army" of five millions of men.

Huge fifteen-inch guns snaked along, foot by foot, by powerful steam tractors. Then a long line of "four point five" batteries, each gun drawn by six horses, then a couple of "nine point two" howitzers pulled by immense caterpillar engines.

When one of these caterpillars would pass me with its mighty monster in tow, a flush of pride would mount to my face, because I could plainly read on the name plate, "Made in U. S. A.," and I would remember that if I were a name plate it would also read, "From the U. S. A." Then I would stop to think how thin and straggly that mighty stream would be if all the "Made in U. S. A." parts of it were withdrawn.

Then would come hundreds of limbers and "G. S." wagons drawn by sleek, well-fed mules, ridden by sleek, well-fed men, ever smiling, although grimy with sweat and covered with the dust, white dust of the marvelously well-made French roads.

What a discouraging report the German army must have taken back to their division commanders, and this stream is slowly but surely getting bigger and bigger every day, and the pace is always the same. No slower, no faster, but ever onward, ever forward.

Three weeks before the big push of July 1—as the battle of the Somme has been called—started, exact duplicates of the German trenches were dug about thirty miles behind our lines. The layout of the trenches was taken from airplane photographs submitted by the Royal flying corps. The trenches were correct to the foot; they showed dugouts, saps, barbed wire defenses and danger spots.

Battalions that were to go over in the first waves were sent back for three days to study these trenches, to engage in practice attacks and have night maneuvers. Each man was required to

each man will arm himself with four Mills bombs, these to be used only in case of emergency.

A prisoner in Tommy's nickname for a club carried by the bombers. It is about two feet long, thin at one end and very thick at the other. The thick end is studded with sharp steel spikes, while through the center of the club there is a three-inch lead bar, to give it weight and balance. When you get a prisoner all you have to do is just stick this club up in front of him, and believe me, the prisoner's patriotism for "Deutschland under Alles" fades away and he very willingly obeys the orders of his captor. If, however, the prisoner gets frightened and refuses to follow you, simply "persuade" him by first removing his tin hat, and then—well, the use of the lead weight in the CHAPTER XXVI.

All Quiet (?) on the Western Front.

At brigade headquarters I happened to overhear a conversation between one O. O. C. (general officer commanding) and the divisional commander. From this conversation I learned that we were to bombard the German lines for eight days, and on the first of July the "big push" was to commence.

In a few days orders were issued to that effect, and it was common property all along the line.

On the afternoon of the eighth day of our "strafing," Atwell and I were sitting in the front-line trench smoking pipes and making out our reports of the previous night's tour of the trenches, which we had to turn in to headquarters the following day, when an order was passed down the trench that Old Pepper requested twenty volunteers to go over on a trench raid that night to try and get a few German prisoners for information purposes. I immediately volunteered for this job, and shook on, according to the code names on our map. Then to rub it in, they handed some more signs which read, "Come on, we are ready, stupid English."

It is still a mystery to me how they obtained this knowledge. There had been no raids or prisoners taken, so it must have been the work of spies in our own lines.

Three or four days before the big push we tried to shatter Fritz's nerves by feint attacks, and partially succeeded as the official reports of July 1 show.

Although we were constantly bombarding their lines day and night, still we fooled the Germans several times. This was accomplished by throwing an intense barrage into his lines—then using smoke shells we would put a curtain of white smoke across No Man's Land, completely obstructing his view of our trenches, and would raise our curtain of fire as if in an actual attack. All down our trenches the men would shout and cheer, and Fritz would turn loose with machine-gun, rifle, and shrapnel fire, thinking we were coming over.

After three or four of these dummy attacks his nerves must have been near the breaking point.

On June 24, 1918, at 9:40 in the morning our guns opened up, and hell was let loose. The din was terrific, a constant boom-boom-boom in your ear.

At night the sky was a red glare. Our bombardment had lasted about two hours when Fritz started replying. Although we were sending over ten shells to his one, our casualties were heavy. There was a constant stream of stretchers coming out of the communication trenches and burial parties were a common sight.

In the dugouts the noise of the guns almost hurt. You had the same sensation as when riding on the subway you enter the tube under the river going to Brooklyn—a sort of pressure on the ear drums, and the ground constantly trembling.

The roads behind the trenches were very dangerous because Boche shrapnel was constantly bursting over them. We avoided these dangerous spots by crossing through open fields.

The destruction in the German lines was awful and I really felt sorry for them because I realized how they must be creaking it.

From our front-line trench, every now and again, we could hear sharp whistle blasts in the German trenches. These blasts were the signals for stretcher bearers, and meant the wounding or killing of some German in the service of his fatherland.

Atwell and I had a tough time of it, patrolling the different trenches at night, but after awhile got used to it.

My old outfit, the machine gun company, was stationed in huge elephant dugouts about four hundred yards behind the front-line trench—they were in reserve. Occasionally I would stop in their dugout and have a confab with my former mates. Although we tried to be jolly, still, there was a lurking feeling of impending disaster. Each man was wondering, if, after the slogan, "Over the top with the best of luck," had been sounded, would he still be alive or would he be lying "somewhere in France." In an old dilapidated house, the walls of which were scarred with machine-gun bullets, No. 3 section of the machine gun company had its quarters. The company's cooks prepared the meals in this billet. On the fifth evening of the bombardment a German eight-inch shell registered a direct hit on the billet and wiped out ten men who were asleep in the supposedly bomb-proof cellar. They were buried the next day and I attended the funeral.

A persuader is demonstrated, and Tommy looks for another prisoner.

The knuckle knife is a dagger affair, the blade of which is about eight inches long with a heavy steel guard over the grip. This guard is studded with steel projections. At night in a trench, which is only about three to four feet wide, it makes a very handy weapon. One punch in the face generally shatters a man's jaw and you can get him with the knife as he goes down.

Then we had what we called our "beam-bombs." These are strands of barbed wire about three feet long, made into a noose at one end; at the

other end, the barbs are cut off and Tommy slips his wrist through a loop to get a good grip on the wire. If the prisoner wants to argue the point, why just place the large loop around his neck and no matter if Tommy wishes to return to his trenches at the walk, trot, or gallop, Fritz is perfectly agreeable to maintain Tommy's rate of speed.

We were ordered to black our faces and hands. For this reason: At night, the English and Germans use what they call star shells, a sort of rocket affair. They are fired from a large pistol about twenty inches long, which is held over the sandbag parapet of the trench, and discharged into the air. These star shells attain a height of about sixty feet, and a range of from fifty to seventy-five yards. When they hit the ground they explode, throwing out a strong calcium light which lights up the ground in a circle of a radius of between ten to fifteen yards. They also have a parachute star shell which, after reaching a height of about sixty feet, explodes. A parachute unfolds and slowly floats to the ground, lighting up a large circle in No Man's Land. The official name of the star shell is a "Very-light." Very-lights are used to prevent night surprise attacks on the trenches. If a star shell falls in front of you, or between you and the German lines, you are safe from detection, as the enemy cannot see you through the bright curtain of light. But if it falls behind you and, as Tommy says, "you get in the star shell zone," then the fun begins; you have to lie flat on your stomach and remain absolutely motionless until the light of the shell dies out. This takes anywhere from forty to seventy seconds. If you haven't time to fall to the ground you must remain absolutely still in whatever position you were in when the light exploded; it is advisable not to breathe, as Fritz has an eye like an eagle when he thinks you are knocking at his door. When a star shell is burning in Tommy's rear he can hold his breath for a week.

You blacken your face and hands so that the light from the star shells will not reflect on your pale face. In a trench raid there is quite sufficient reason for your face to be pale. If you don't believe me, try it just once.

Then another reason for blackening your face and hands is that, after you have entered the German trench at night, "white face" means Germans, "black face" English. Coming around a traverse you see a white face in front of you. With a prayer and wishing Fritz "the best of luck," you introduce him to your "persuader" or knuckle knife.

A little later we arrived at the communication trench named Whisky street, which led to the fire trench at the point we were to go over the top and out in front.

In our rear were four stretcher bearers and a corporal of the R. A. M. C. carrying a pouch containing medicines and first-aid appliances. Kind of a grim reminder to us that our expedition was not going to be exactly a picnic. The order of things was reversed. In civilian life the doctors generally come first, with the undertakers tagging in the rear and then the insurance man, but in our case, the undertakers were leading, with the doctors trailing behind, minus the insurance adjuster.

The presence of the R. A. M. C. men did not seem to disturb the raiders, because many a joke made in an undertone, was passed along the winding column, as to who would be first to take a ride on one of the stretchers. This was generally followed by a wish that, if you were to be the one, the wound would be a "cushy Blighty one."

The stretcher bearers, no doubt, hoping that, if they did have to carry anyone to the rear, he would be small and light. Perhaps they looked at me when wishing, because I could feel an uncomfortable, boring sensation between my shoulder blades. They got their wish all right.

Going up this trench, about every sixty yards or so we would pass a lonely sentry, who in a whisper would wish us "the best of luck, mates." We would blind at him under our breaths; that Jonah phrase to us sounded very ominous.

Without any casualties the minstrel troop arrived at Suicide ditch, the front-line trench. Previously, a wiring party of the Royal Engineers had cut a lane through our barbed wire to enable us to get out into No Man's Land.

Crawling through this lane, our party of twenty took up an extended-order formation about one yard apart.

We had a tap code arranged for our movements while in No Man's Land, because for various reasons it is not safe to carry on a heated conversation a few yards in front of Fritz' lines. The officer was on the right of the line, while I was on the extreme left. Two taps from the right would be passed down the line until I received them, then I would send back one tap. The officer, in receiving this one tap, would know that his order had gone down the whole line, had been understood, and that the party was ready to obey the two-tap signal. Two taps meant that we were to crawl forward slowly—and believe me, very slowly—for five yards, and then halt to await further instructions. Three taps meant, when you arrived within striking distance of the German trench, rush it and inflict as many casualties as possible, secure a couple of prisoners, and then back to your own lines with the speed of light. Four taps meant, "I have gotten you into a position from which it is impossible for me to extricate you, so you are on your own."

After getting Tommy into a mess on the western front he is generally told that he is "on his own." This means, "Save your skin in any way possible." Tommy loves to be "on his own" behind the lines, but not during a trench raid.

The star shells from the German lines were falling in front of us, therefore we were safe. After about twenty

minutes we entered the star shell zone. A star shell from the German lines fell about five yards in the rear and to the right of me; we hugged the ground and held our breath until it burned out. The smoke from the star shell traveled along the ground and crossed over the middle of our line. Some Tommy sneezed. The smoke had gotten up his nose. We crouched on the ground, cursing the offender under our breath, and waited the volley that generally ensues when the Germans have heard a noise in No Man's Land. Nothing happened. We received two taps and crawled forward slowly for five yards; no doubt the officer believed what Old Pepper had said, "Personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." By being careful and remaining motionless when the star shells fell behind us, we reached the German barbed wire without mishap. Then the fun began. I was scared stiff as it is ticklish work cutting your way through wire when about thirty feet in front of you there is a line of Boches looking out into No Man's Land with their rifles lying across the parapet, straining every sense to see or hear what is going on in No Man's Land; because at night, Fritz never knows when a bomb with his name and number on it will come hurtling through the air aimed in the direction of Berlin. The man on the right, one man in the center and myself on the extreme left, were equipped with wire cutters. These are insulated with soft rubber not because the German wires are charged with electricity, but to prevent the cutters rubbing against the barbed wire stakes, which are of iron, and making a noise which may warn the inmates of the trench that someone is getting fresh in their front yard. There is only one way to cut a barbed wire without noise and through costly experience Tommy has become an expert in doing this. You must grasp the wire about two inches from the stake in your right hand and cut between the stake and your hand.

If you cut a wire improperly, a loud twang will ring out on the night air like the snapping of a banjo string. Perhaps this noise can be heard only for fifty or seventy-five yards, but in Tommy's mind it makes a loud noise in Berlin.

We had cut a lane about halfway through the wire when, down the center of our line, twang! went an improperly cut wire. We crouched down,



Receiving First Aid.

cursing under our breath, trembling all over, our knees lacerated from the strands of the cut barbed wire on the ground, waiting for a challenge and the inevitable volley of rifle fire. Nothing happened. I suppose the fellow who cut the barbed wire improperly was the one who had sneezed about half an hour previously. What we wished him would never make his new year a happy one.

The officer, in my opinion, at the noise of the wire should have given the four-lap signal, which meant, "On your own, get back to your trenches as quickly as possible," but again he must have relied on the snail that Old Pepper had given us in the dugout, "Personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." Anyway, we got careless, but not so careless that we sang patriotic songs or made any unnecessary noise.

During the intervals of falling star shells we carried on with our wire cutting until at last we succeeded in getting through the German barbed wire. At this point we were only ten feet from the German trenches. If we were discovered, we were like rats in a trap. Our way was cut off unless we ran along the wire to the narrow lane we had cut through. With our hearts in our mouths we waited for the three-tap signal to rush the German trench. Three taps had gotten about halfway down the line when suddenly about ten to twenty German star shells were fired all along the trench and landed in the barbed wire in rear of us, turning night into day and silhouetting us against the wall of light made by the flames. In the glaring light we were confronted by the following unpleasant scene.

All along the German trench, at about three-foot intervals, stood a big Prussian guardman with his rifle at the aim, and then we found out why we had not been challenged when the man sneezed and the barbed wire had been improperly cut. About three feet in front of the trench they had constructed a single fence of barbed wire and we knew our chances were one thousand to one of returning alive. We could not rush their trench on account of this second defense. Then in front of me the challenge, "Halt," given in English rang out, and one of the finest things I have ever heard on

the western front took place.

From the middle of our line some Tommy answered the challenge with, "Aw, go to h—l." It must have been the man who had sneezed or who had improperly cut the barbed wire; he wanted to show Fritz that he could die game. Then came the volley. Machine guns were turned loose and several bombs were thrown in our rear. The Boche in front of me was looking down his sight. This fellow might have, under ordinary circumstances, been handsome, but when I viewed him from the front of his rifle he had the goblin of childhood imagination relegated to the shade.

Then came a flash in front of me, the flare of his rifle—and my head seemed to burst. A bullet had hit me on the left side of my face about half an inch from my eye, smashing the cheek bones. I put my hand to my face and fell forward, biting the ground and kicking my feet. I thought I was dying, but, do you know, my past life did not unfold before me the way it does in novels.

The blood was streaming down my temple, and the pain was awful. When I came to I said to myself, "Emp, old boy, you belong in Jersey City, and you'd better get back there as quickly as possible."

The bullets were crackling overhead. I crawled a few feet back to the German barbed wire, and in a stooping position, gulping myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the lane we had cut through. Before reaching this lane I came to a map form which seemed like a bag of oats hanging over the wire. In the dim light I could see that its hands were blackened, and knew it was the body of one of my mates. I put my hand on his head, the top of which had been blown off by a bomb. My thumb sank into the hole. I pulled my hand back full of blood and brains, then I went crazy with fear and horror and rushed along the wire until I came to our lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed to say, "Look around." I did so; a bullet caught me on the left shoulder. It did not hurt much, just felt as if someone had punched me in the back, and then my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward in a sitting position. But all the fear had left me and I was consumed with rage and cursed the German trenches. With my right hand I felt in my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In feeling over my tunic my hand came in contact with one of the bombs which I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it towards the German trench. I must have been out of my head, because I was only ten feet from the trench and took a chance of being mangled. If the bomb had failed to go into the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb.

By the flare of the explosion of the bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backwards, while his rifle flew into the air. Another one wilted and fell forward across the sandbags—then blackness.

Realizing what a foolhardy and risky thing I had done, I was again seized with a horrible fear. I dragged myself to my feet and ran madly down the lane through the barbed wire, stumbling over cut wires, tearing my uniform, and lacerating my hands and legs. Just as I was about to reach No Man's Land again, that same voice seemed to say, "Turn around." I did so, when, "crack," another bullet caught me, this time in the left shoulder about one-half inch away from the other wound. Then it was taps for me. The lights went out.

When I came to I was crouching in a hole in No Man's Land. This shell hole was about three feet deep, so that it brought my head a few inches below the level of the ground. How I reached this hole I will never know. German "typewriters" were traversing back and forth in No Man's Land, the bullets biting the edge of my shell hole and throwing dirt all over me.

Overhead shrapnel was bursting. I could hear the fragments slap the ground. Then I went out once more. When I came to everything was silence and darkness in No Man's Land. I was soaked with blood and a big day from the wound in my cheek was hanging over my mouth. The blood running from this flap choked me. Out of the corner of my mouth I would try and blow it back, but it would not move. I reached for my shell dressing and tried, with one hand, to bandage my face to prevent the flow. I had an awful horror of bleeding to death and was getting very faint. You would have laughed if you had seen my ludicrous attempts at bandaging with one hand. The pains in my wounded shoulder were awful and I was getting sick at the stomach. I gave up the bandaging stunt as a bad job, and then fainted.

When I came to, hell was let loose. An intense bombardment was on, and on the whole my position was decidedly unpleasant. Then, suddenly, our barrage ceased. The silence almost hurt, but not for long, because Fritz turned loose with shrapnel, machine guns, and rifle fire. Then all along our line came a cheer and our boys came over the top in a charge. The first wave was composed of "Jocks." They were a magnificent sight, kilted, dapper in the wind, bare knees showing, and their bayonets glistening. In the first wave that passed my shell hole, one of the "Jocks," an immense fellow, about six feet two inches in height jumped right over me. On the right and left of me several soldiers in colored kilts were hurled on the ground, then over came the second wave, also "Jocks." Our young Boettie, when he came abreast of my shell hole, leaped into the air, his rifle shooting out of his hands, landing about six feet in front of him, bayonet first, and stuck in the ground, the butt trembling. This impressed me greatly.

Right now I can see the butt of a kilts trembling. The Boettie made a complete turn in the air, hit the ground, rolling over twice, each time throwing at the earth, and then he

Continued on Page 3

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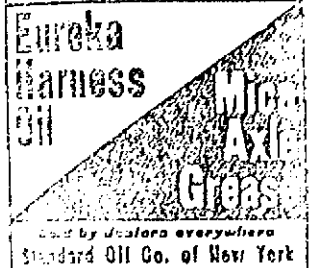
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ASK ANY HORSE

THE
KITCHEN
CABINETIt sometimes takes courage to insist
that you are right, but a lot more to
insist that you are wrong.

GOOD THANKSGIVING DISHES.

When the scarcity and price of tur-
key makes it unattainable, the follow-
ing dishes will be found most satisfy-
ing and fully as festive:Boned Leg of
Mutton.—Bone the
leg of mutton to
the first joint, fill
the cavity with a
forcemeat; lard itsteadily with small lardons of bacon an
inch long and a quarter of an inch
wide. Lay in the bottom of the sauce-
pan a carrot, turnip, onion and celery
cut up with a few sweet herbs and
parsley. Add a half cupful of butter,
two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs,
two tablespoonfuls of chopped
bacon, salt, pepper, a pinch of nut-
meg, two beaten eggs. Lay the leg of
mutton on top of the vegetables, pour
around enough boiling water to come
half way over the mutton, but do not
cover; simmer slowly for two hours;
remove and put into the oven and
bake for half an hour; reduce the
 gravy by boiling and serve some
strained over the mutton, the remain-
der in a gravy boat.Jugged Hare.—Take two large hare,
trim small onions, a quarter of a pound
of fat, three sprigs of parsley, one
sprig of thyme, a half cupful of butter,
two sprigs of a pound of lean beef,
two bones, a bunch of sweet herbs, a
half of onion, four tablespoonfuls of
fat, two cupfuls of stock made from
the hare bones, and pepper to taste.
Remove the bones from the legs and
feet and cover the bones with two
cupfuls of cold water and simmer for
two hours; put the butter into a sauce-
pan and when bubbling hot put in the
hare and when well floured; cook until
the hare is tender; now add the stock
and when it boils, put the pieces of
beef in a casserole or earthen dish,
cover with the ham, sliced, then the
hare and cover the gravy and add
the remaining ingredients. Cover the
dish with a pan of water which
should be changed and a half from the
water. Cook two hours and a
half. Remove the pan and prepare the
hare. Add the balls to the dish
and serve with currant jelly.

Nellie Maxwell

A Scheme of Travel Limited.
A man is teaching him to stay
in his own doorstep, and it is
the following incident:
A man succeeded. Roy has a
scheme of travel and one day while
he was in his home, dad in
a woman came along, and
she said, "Nellie, if you see
any more of them, send them down
to the door."FOODS TASTE BETTER COOKED
—TOBACCO TASTES BETTER
TOASTEDSince the day of the caveman, why
hasn't his meat been cooked? The scientific treat-
ment of the things we eat.It hardly needs to be said now
that in our modern age, our food
is cooked in the best way possible.And this is why the great ex-
cess of smoking is made by the Amer-
ican people. The great excess of
smoking is made by the Amer-
ican people. The great excess of
smoking is made by the Amer-
ican people.This wonderful new idea—smoke
like all great inventions—was first
used in producing the famous LUCKY
STRIKE Cigarettes—made of toasted
Barley tobacco.Luckys has a mellow flavor, entirely
different from the tobacco usually
used for cigarettes. It is a pipe to-
bacco and LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes
taste like a pipe.

USE LESS WHEAT.

The allied nations have made
further increased demands on
us for breadstuffs—demands
that Americans are obligated to
meet.In the meantime America's
meat supply has been greatly
increased for some months to
come by the unprecedented
shipping to market of hogs that
averaged 232 pounds each in-
stead of 223 pounds—the normal.The United States Food Ad-
ministration, endeavoring to ad-
just the international food bal-
ance, promptly removed certain
restrictions in this country on
the use of meat and at the same
time asked for a smaller con-
sumption of breadstuffs.We are asked to observe only
one meatless day each week—
Tuesday. We will have larger
meat stocks for awhile. But
our bread ration must be held
to a minimum.In altering its food conserva-
tion program the Food Admin-
istration emphasizes that the
food situation is of necessity,
subject to radical changes,
caused by crop conditions at
home and abroad and by the
precarious transportation prob-
lem, both in overseas shipping
and in America's overburdened
transportation system.The Food Administration will
keep the American people fully
and frankly advised of each
change in the developing situa-
tion that they may know defi-
nitely the part their food sac-
rifices play in the world war.

LEPER WOULD RATHER DIE

Jersey City Woman Kills Herself
When She Is Ordered to Isola-
tion Hospital.New York.—After five years of suf-
fering Mrs. A. F. Mehe of Jersey City
had the diagnosis of her sickness as
leprosy confirmed by specialists and a
bacteriological test. She was ordered
to the Hudson County Isolation hospi-
tal at Laurel Hill.Her son August went upstairs to bid
his mother good-by before he went to
work. The door to her room was
locked and a smell of gas filled the
hall. August called his father and
they broke open the door. Mrs. Mehe
was dead in bed. She had turned on
the gas.With her husband she had lived in
Jersey City many years.

Facts About Prolific Fish.

The cod is estimated to yield 4,000-
5,000 eggs each season. As many as
eight, nine, and even nine and a half
million eggs have been found in the
roe of a single cod. An eel was caught
in Scotland some years ago which was
32 inches long and weighed about two
pounds. The ovary was about 12
inches long as it lay in the fish, but
when opened out it was nearly 20
inches in length, and it was calculated
that this contained upward of 10,000-
20,000 eggs, rivaling, if not surpassing,
the cod in this respect.

Seal Used on Our Paper Money.

A relic of the revolutionary days
when we were not yet a nation still
remains on our paper money, says the
Popular Science Monthly. The seal
which appears on every bill issued by
the government contains the abbre-
viated words "The Great Seal of the
United States of America." The seal
is a circular emblem containing a shield
with thirteen stars and stripes. The
shield is surrounded by a wreath. The
wreath is made of olive and oak leaves.
The olive leaf signifies peace and the
oak leaf signifies strength. The shield
is surmounted by a constellation of
stars. The stars represent the original
thirteen colonies. The seal is a
symbol of the unity and strength of
the United States.

"Irish" Potatoes Unknown in Ireland.

We speak in this country of the
"Irish potato," remarked H. O. Con-
ner, a native of Ireland, at the Ra-
leigh. "Nobody in Ireland would know
what is meant by an 'Irish' potato.
There are five distinct varieties of po-
tatoes in Ireland—the Champion, which
is the potato we call in America the
Irish potato; the White Rock, the
Leather Coat and the Skerry, which is
a cross between the so-called Irish po-
tato and the yeast."—Washington Star.

Choosing a Wife.

It was Sir John More, father of the
more famous Sir Thomas, who said: "I
would compare the multitude of wom-
en which are to be chosen for wives
into a bag full of snakes having
among them a single eel. Now, if
a man should put his hand into this
bag, he may choose to feel on the eel;
but it is a hundred to one he shall be
stung by a snake." Sir John had evi-
dently learned a lesson which ac-
counts for his lack of civility.TO CUT WHEAT
USE ONE-HALFMilitary Necessity Demands That
Each American Eat Only 1/2
Pounds Wheat Products
Weekly.

CORN AND OATS SUBSTITUTES.

Allies Must Have Wheat Enough to
Maintain Their War Bread
The Next Harvest.If we are to furnish the allies with
the necessary proportion of wheat to
maintain their war bread from now
until the next harvest, and this is a
military necessity, we must reduce our
monthly consumption to 21,000,000
bushels a month as against our normal
consumption of about 42,000,000
bushels, or 50 per cent of our normal
consumption. This is the situation as
set forth by the U. S. Food Adminis-
tration at Washington. (Reserving a
margin for distribution to the army
and for special cases, leaves for gen-
eral consumption approximately 1 1/2
pounds of wheat products weekly per
person, the Food Administration's
statement continues: Many of our
consumers are dependent upon bakers'
bread. Such bread must be durable
and therefore requires a larger propor-
tion of wheat products than cereal
breads baked in the household. Our
army and navy require a full allow-
ance. The well-to-do in our population
can make greater sacrifices in the con-
sumption of wheat products than can
the poor. In addition, our population
in the agricultural districts, where the
other cereals are abundant, are more
skilled in the preparation of breads
from these other cereals than the
crowded city and industrial popula-
tions.With improved transportation con-
ditions we now have available a surplus
of potatoes. We also have in the
spring months a surplus of milk, and
we have ample corn and oats for hu-
man consumption. The drain on rye
and barley as substitutes has already
greatly exhausted the supply of these
grains.To effect the needed saving of wheat
we are wholly dependent upon the
voluntary assistance of the American
people and we ask that the following
rules shall be observed:1. Householders to use not to exceed
a total of 1 1/2 pounds per week of
wheat products per person. This
means not more than 1 1/2 pounds of
Victory bread containing the required
percentage of substitutes and one-half
pound of cooking flour, macaroni,
crackers, pastry, pies, cakes, wheat
breakfast cereals, all combined.2. Public eating places and clubs to
observe two wheatless days per week,
Monday and Wednesday, as at present.
In addition thereto, not to serve to
any one guest at any one meal an
aggregate of breadstuffs, macaroni,
crackers, pastry, pies, cakes, wheat
breakfast cereals, containing a total
of more than two ounces of wheat
flour. No wheat products to be served
unless specially ordered. Public eat-
ing establishments not to buy more
than six pounds of wheat products for
each ninety meals served, thus con-
forming with the limitations requested
of the householders.3. Retailers to sell not more than
one-eighth of a barrel of flour to any
town customer at any one time and
not more than one-quarter of a barrel
to any country customer at any one
time, and in no case to sell wheat
products without the sale of an equal
weight of other cereals.4. We ask the bakers and grocers to
reduce the volume of Victory bread
sold, by delivery of the three-quarter
pound loaf where one pound was sold
before, and corresponding proportions
in other weights. We also ask bakers
not to increase the amount of their
wheat flour purchases beyond 70 per
cent of the average monthly amount
purchased in the four months prior to
March 1.5. Manufacturers using wheat prod-
ucts for non-food purposes should
cease such use entirely.6. There is no limit upon the use of
other cereals, flours, and meals, corn,
barley, buckwheat, potato flour, etc.,
et cetera.Many thousand families throughout
the land are now using no wheat prod-
ucts whatever, except a very small
amount for cooking purposes, and are
doing so in perfect health and satisfac-
tion. There is no reason why all of
the American people who are able to
cook in their own households cannot
subsist perfectly well with the use of
less wheat products than one and one-
half pounds a week, and we specially
ask the well-to-do households in the
country to follow this additional pro-
gramme in order that we may provide
the necessary marginal supplies for
those parts of the community less able
to adapt themselves to so large a pro-
portion of substitutes.In order that we shall be able to
make the wheat exports that are ab-
solutely demanded of us to maintain
the civil population and soldiers of the
allies and our own army, we propose
to supplement the voluntary co-opera-
tion of the public by a further limita-
tion of distribution, and we shall place
at once restrictions on distribution
which will be adjusted from time to
time to secure as nearly equitable dis-
tribution as possible. With the arrival
of harvest we should be able to relax
such restrictions. Until then we ask
for the necessary patience, sacrifice
and co-operation of the distributing
trade.

Genius.

It's wonderful how a landlady can
serve so many things if you don't care
to pay for them.Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIAHOW ONE'S COAL BILL
MAY BE REDUCED
THROUGH MOISTURE IN AIR.The advantages derived from
the proper moistening of the air
in the home are little realized by
the average dweller. In-
creasing the humidity is a great
help in the conservation of coal
and, in addition, prevents an
irritated condition of the throat
which tends to the harboring of
germs. The air in the home may
be moistened at little or no ex-
pense if a few simple rules are
followed.It is essential to keep the water
tank in the furnace filled al-
most to capacity in order to ob-
tain the results desired. The
placing of pans of water in in-
conspicuous corners of the
house will add greatly to the
comfort of the occupants in the
same manner. Humidifiers man-
ufactured for installation on radi-
ators are valuable and soon re-
pay their original cost in the
saving of coal.The principle involved in air
moistening is a simple natural
law, particularly noticeable dur-
ing the warmer months. The
temperature might be around 85,
but if the humidity is high the
heat is as uncomfortable as if
the thermometer registered 95
with low humidity. Adapting
this principle to the home will
result in a big reduction in the
coal bill and possibly the doc-
tor's fee.

SHOULD EAT MORE EULACHON

Why Department of Commerce Urges
People to Make Use of Fish
as a Food.The eulachon, a species of fish much
like the smelt, which lives in the
water of the Pacific coast, and, like
the smelt, has the habit of running into
rivers and brooks for spawning, is sug-
gested by the bureau of fisheries of the
department of commerce as a war sub-
stitute for more expensive and less nu-
tritious foods.In a booklet distributed by the bu-
reau of fisheries the eulachon is de-
scribed as "the finest fish in the world;
tender, fragrant and digestible." The
booklet says it is the fattest of fishes,
and that its oil has a peculiarly deli-
cious, agreeable flavor, and, when ex-
tracted, is sold at ordinary tempera-
tures.The eulachon is found from Oregon
north to Alaska in great quantities, and
has been placed on the market fresh,
frozen, brine salted, kippered and hard
smoked and canned. The frozen fish is
as good as the fresh, says the booklet,
but the consumer should buy their still
fresh and thaw them in cold water be-
fore using.

MOTOR LIFTS GREAT WEIGHT

How Mysterious Power Is Employed
to Do the Work of Great
Number of Men.Almost, if not equally, as famous as
the immortal "man with the bow" is
the "man with the magnet"—the man
we see in all the leading industrial
plants nowadays. The modern elec-
tric magnet described in a recent is-
sue of The Experimenter, lifts a ten-
ton billet just as easily as a man
would lift a 25-pound sack of flour.At the touch of a switch the mag-
net loses its magnetic power and the
billet drops or lays where it is. At-
tached to travelling cranes, the
amount of work one of these electro-
magnets in the larger size can accom-
plish in one day is astonishing. It
will unload a freight car full of pig
iron in less time than a gang of men,
and at a fraction of the cost.The larger sizes of electro-magnets
are capable of lifting single pieces
weighing as much as 60,000 pounds, or
30 tons. Such a giant electro-mag-
net as this measures 62 1/2 inches in
diameter, consumes 72 amperes, at 220
volts, and weighs 7,600 pounds net.

Why War Makes Criminals.

At the annual meeting of the Young
Men's Christian Association of Mass-
achusetts and Rhode Island, speakers
said that investigations by judges and
others in the United States had shown
65 per cent more crime among boys
and young men last year than in the
previous 12 months.The increase was largely due, it was
declared, to conditions resulting from
the war—decreased home supervision,
caused by the absence of fathers and
older brothers; employment at high
wages, with a resulting increase in
spending money; darkened streets at
night, due to fuel supervision, and an
interested spirit of adventure causing
boys to imitate soldiers and sailors
in their vices rather than in their
virtues.

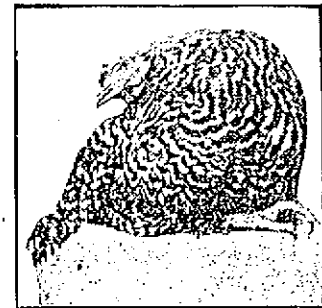
Why Sawmills Are Kept Busy.

Sawmills all over Ohio are engaged
in war work, turning the state's tim-
ber tracts into many different kinds of
machinery used in the rear. J. W.
Culland of the department of forestry
of the Ohio experiment station, re-
ports many mills are working on gov-
ernment orders.Several orders are for oak and hick-
ory dimensions to be used in making
artillery and escort wagons. Bending
oak and elm go to arms making auto
trucks. Select ash, walnut and quar-
terned oak are used in the manufacture
of airplanes.Considerable good white oak from
northeastern Ohio is being saved into
ship timber and boat hulls. One Ohio
firm has an order for a million feet
slakes to be made from hemlock.Wherever there is a boy without one
invariably associated with a window
seat. A departure from this is a broad
window shelf to hold here and there
a potted plant, or a book or two. The
one drawback to this feature is that
one is too apt to clutter it with trash-
ware. If the broad expanse of shelves
is kept clear this treatment is both
restful and decorative.POULTRY
FACTS.

MORE CHICKENS ARE WANTED

Farmers Are Urged by Department of
Agriculture to Stock Their Farms
With More Poultry.(From the United States Department of
Agriculture.)The United States department of ag-
riculture urges as many as possible of
the farmers who have not raised chick-
ens to stock their farms this year with
fowls, enough at least to supply the
needs of their own households. This
will be a big factor in the nation-wide
campaign which will endeavor to dou-
ble this year the chicken and egg pro-
duction of the United States. Accord-
ing to the last census, of the 6,371,502
farms in the United States, 1,527,743
reported no egg production. The more-
chicken-and-more-egg campaign is ex-
pected to displace millions of pounds
of beef and pork in American menus
and send the released product across
the ocean to our soldiers, the allies,
and the hungry people of the lands
devastated by the Prussian war torch.The department does not advise that
the general farmer embark in exten-
sive raising of poultry, but warns
against such ventures. But it sees
no reason why every farm should not
produce enough chickens and eggs for
its own use, and why there should not
be enough surplus to make chickens
and eggs available to the general pub-
lic at reasonable prices and in such
quantities that there will be markedly
less domestic demand for the meats
that are needed abroad and that can
be transported there.

LIMBER NECK IN CHICKENS

Affliction Caused by Ptomaine Poison-
ing From Eating Decaying Flesh
—Try to Prevent.Limber neck in chickens is caused by
ptomaine poisoning from eating decay-
ing flesh. Where fowls run at
large they frequently pick up dead
rats, mice or other animals and in
this way become affected with the
germs, which quickly cause death.
While flocks are sometimes wiped out
in the course of a few weeks.Prevention is the best remedy. If
you are losing chickens from this
cause shut up the flock and feed them
on sound, sweet grain and feed. A
simple effective treatment is to use
permanganate of potash. Put an

Bad Case of Wry Neck.

ounce of the crystals in a quart bot-
tle and fill it with water. Add enough
of this to the drinking water to give
it a rich purple color, and allow the
fowls no other water to drink. Fowls
which show symptoms of the disease
should be given a dose night and morn-
ing.

FOWLS EAT WASTE MATERIAL

On Some Farms Chickens Pay for
Themselves by Destruction of In-
jurious Insects.(From the United States Department of
Agriculture.)Chickens as a by-product of general
farming had much of their feed in the
waste materials that otherwise would
serve no useful purpose. The atten-
tion and labor they require can be giv-
en largely even by children, and should
not require the employment of addi-
tional hired workers. On some farms
the chickens practically pay for them-
selves by their destruction of orchard
and vegetable insects. On others they
help to pay for themselves by their
production of manure, which when
properly used largely increases the
value of the land. Fifty fowls will an-
nually produce at least a ton of man-
ure that can be made as valuable as
commercial fertilizer.

WHY HATCH EARLY.

(Prepared by the United States De-
partment of Agriculture.)Chickens hatched early in the
spring are large in the summer,
mature early in the fall, and lay
eggs in the winter. They will
sit early the following spring,
produce earlier chickens—and
the process will be repeated by
the offspring.But the chickens hatched late
in the spring will not mature un-
til late in the fall—so late that
they will not lay in the winter.
They will not sit until late in
the following spring—and again
the process will be repeated.The jury finds that the argu-
ment is all in favor of early
hatching—especially this year."Congressman Twiddle writes that
he is my representative and wants to
serve me," said Mr. Dubwolt. "What
are you going to ask for?" "Nothing."
The last time I visited Washington,
with the fond expectation of hobnob-
ing with the great, he turned me over
to his secretary, and the most impor-
tant person I met was a hotel door-
man."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

POLKA DOTS AND WIDE BRIM

The novel use of polka dots com-
bined with a large inverted brim makes
this hat delightfully entrancing. It is
designed for the tourist who wishes to
bring joy to herself and all beholders,
and is fabricated in blue and white
satin, with the polka dots as the sole
trimming.

SOME SPRING FASHION TIPS

Linen Blouses With High Collar Are
Popular—Pumpkin Color Is Worn
With Navy Short Jacket Suit.A swagger linen blouse of white re-
cently seen had a high collar, platted
frills and long bands of rose-colored
linen, which were stitched all the way
down the upper part of the sleeve. The
effect was decidedly new and interest-
ing, observes a fashion writer in the
Philadelphia Public Ledger.Very smart and attractive are three-
piece or middie suits evolved in silk
and cloth combinations, and these have
very becoming lines for youthful fig-
ures.Decidedly unique is this idea: Pump-
kin yellow handkerchief linen is devel-
oped into a mannish, tucked front
sleeveless blouse to wear with a navy
suit whose jacket is short and horlike
in the latest fashion line.Effective catchlighting in heavy silk
is seen for spring.A lovely shade of amethyst suede
draped and clasped with a silver
buckle forms the belt on a white ve-
lours waistcoat made to go with a short
jacket of navy turtleneck suit. The re-
sult is most pleasing.Many different colored piques are
used for collars and cuffs or lingerie
blouses for spring, and this same ma-
terial forms many of the smart vests
and waistcoats made from spring suits.A delicate gray handkerchief linen
is used for some of the most attractive
handmade blouses that have arrived
from Paris.

FASHIONS AND FADS

Suits have straight skirts.
Topcoats are made of taffeta.
The silhouette remains unchanged.
The finest suits are the simplest
ones.Foulards are becoming very plenti-
ful.Afternoon dresses are made of eta-
mine.Straight one-piece dresses are made
of linen.There is some evidence of a return
of laces to favor.Black-and-white checked materials
are favored.Pretty turbans are made of green
leaves and rosebuds.There is a return to volles, both
printed and plain.There are some very pretty evening
gowns all of chiffon.Slipper blouses are thought very
well of in some quarters.Button-back blouses also find their
place in many spring lines.Hats are of the simplest shape, de-
pending entirely on line.Venice lace is slowly pushing itself
into favor among laces.All velvet gowns are made very sim-
ply and without trimming.The length of the skirt should be cut
with an eye to becomingness.Of materials there are a great many
silks, poudges and rajahs used.

Color News and Notes.

If you would be considered modish,
subdue your favorite reds and greens,
advise a fashion authority. Not to
the point of fadedness, however; far
from it! Simply soften them into be-
wonderingly beautiful shades. Soft
gray-blue lavenders, ashes of roses,
that old-time favorite, wistaria, and
silver grays and lichen grays; of these
are the color cards of fashion. If you
desire a spice, add a dash of rosy or-
ange or peacock blue, but the smart-
est costumes are usually of one
tone, with the exception perhaps of the
lining, which may be as gorgeous as you
please. Wool embroideries and stitch-
ings are used with effect either in the
same shade as the costume or in con-
trasting colors. The Chinese, Japanese
and East Indian influence is plainly
felt in the newest designs and color-
ings. Sometimes they are fairly riots
of colors, almost breath-taking in their
beauty.

Colors for Lingerie Blouses.

The colors that promise to be popu-
lar in lingerie blouses for spring and
summer are coral, Pekin blue and
tan. The last named shade is espe-
cially popular both in linen and in
sheer fabrics, one of the daintiest
blouses recently seen being in tan
swiss dotted in white and finished
with white linen collar and cuffs.

Gnat a Source of Muck.

To the list of sources of muck must
be added a kind of snail, order hemip-
tera, class roachidae, genus amulica
(stet), which is so common in the Aus-
tralian bush at times as to fill the air
with a musky odor.

